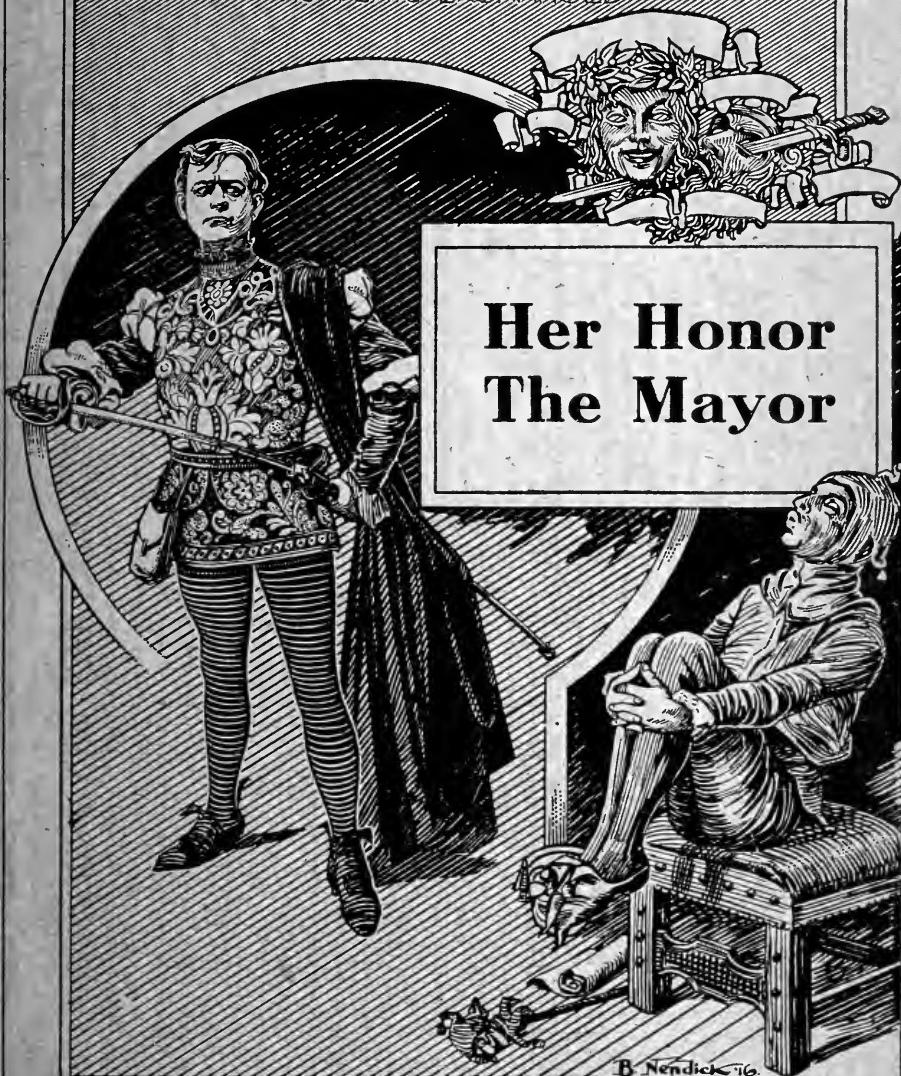


PRICE 25 CENTS
ALTA SERIES

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED



**Her Honor
The Mayor**

B. Nendick '16.

**T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS** **CHICAGO**

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Partial List of Successful and Popular Plays. Large Catalogue Free.
Price 15c each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given

DRAMAS, COMEDIES, ENTERTAINMENTS, Etc.

	M. F.
Aaron Boggs, Freshman, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	8 8
Abbu San of Old Japan, 2 acts, 2 hrs.....(25c)	15
After the Game, 2 acts, 1½ hrs.....(25c)	1 9
All a Mistake, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4 4
All on Account of Polly, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6 10
American Hustler, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	7 4
As a Woman Thinketh, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	9 7
At the End of the Rainbow, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6 14
Bank Cashier, 4 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	8 4
Black Heifer, 3 acts, 2 h. (25c)	9 3
Boy Scout Hero, 2 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	17
Brookdale Farm, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	7 3
Brother Josiah, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	7 4
Burns Rebellion, 1 hr.....(25c)	8 5
Busy Liar, 3 acts, 2¼ h. (25c)	7 4
Civil Service, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	6 5
College Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	9 8
Danger Signal, 2 acts, 2 hrs.. (25c)	7 4
Daughter of the Desert, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6 4
Deacon Dubbs, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	5 5
Deacon Entangled, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	6 4
Down in Dixie, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	8 4
Dream That Came True, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6 13
Editor-in-Chief, 1 hr....(25c)	10
Enchanted Wood, 1¾ h.(35c).Optnl.	
Everyyouth, 3 acts, 1½ h. (25c)	7 6
Face at the Window, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)	4 4
Fun on the Podunk Limited, 1½ hrs.(25c)	9 14
Heiress of Hoetown, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	8 4
Her Honor, the Mayor, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	3 5
High School Freshman, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	12
Honor of a Cowboy, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	13 4
Indian Days, 1 hr.....(50c)	5 2

	M. F.
In Plum Valley, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.....(25c)	6 4
Iron Hand, 4 acts, 2 hrs.. (25c)	5 4
Jayville Junction, 1½ hrs. (25c)	14 17
Kicked Out of College, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	10 9
Kingdom of Heart's Content, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	6 12
Laughing Cure, 2 acts, 1¾ hrs. (25c)	4 5
Lexington, 4 acts, 2¼ h. (25c)	9 4
Little Buckshot, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)	7 4
Lodge of Kye Tyes, 1 hr.(25c)	13
Man from Borneo, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	5 2
Mirandy's Minstrels....(25c) Optnl.	
Mrs. Tubbs of Shantytown, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	4 7
New Woman, 3 acts, 1 hr....(25c)	3 6
Old Maid's Club, 1½ hrs.(25c)	2 16
Old Oaken Bucket, 4 acts, 2 hrs.....(25c)	8 6
Old School at Hick'ry Holler, 1¼ hrs.(25c)	12 9
On the Little Big Horn, 4 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	10 4
Out in the Streets, 3 acts, 1 hr. (25c)	6 4
Parlor Matches, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	4 5
Poor Married Man, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	4 4
Prairie Rose, 4 acts, 2½ h.(25c)	7 4
Rummage Sale, 50 min.....(25c)	4 10
Rustic Romeo, 2 acts, 2¼ hrs.....(25c)	10 12
Savageland, 2 acts, 2½ hrs.(50c)	5 5
School Ma'am, 4 acts, 1¾ hrs.(25c)	6 5
Scrap of Paper, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	6 6
Sewing for the Heathen, 40 min.	9
Southern Cinderella, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	7
Star Bright, 3 acts, 2½ h.(25c)	6 5
Teacher, Kin I Go Home? 2 scenes, 35 min.(25c)	7 3
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	6 4
Thread of Destiny, 3 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	9 16
Tony, the Convict, 5 acts, 2½ hrs.(25c)	7 4
Town Marshal, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	6 3
Trial of Hearts, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	6 18
Trip to Storyland, 1¼ hrs.(25c)	17 23
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	8 3
Under Blue Skies, 4 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	7 10
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs.(25c)	6 4
When the Circus Came to Town, 3 acts, 2¼ hrs.(25c)	5 3

HER HONOR THE MAYOR

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

MARY MODENA BURNS, A. M.

AUTHOR OF

"Good Things for Sunday Schools," "Educational Exercises," Etc.



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

HER HONOR THE MAYOR

CHARACTERS.

LESTER PARMENTER.....	<i>Candidate for Mayor, Who Becomes the Mayor's Husband</i>
HON. MIKE MCGOON.....	<i>Political Boss, Who Becomes the Hired Girl</i>
CLARENCE GREENWAY.....	<i>Eve's Brother, Who Becomes the Village Groom</i>
EVE GREENWAY	<i>Lester's Fiancee, Who Becomes the Mayor</i>
MRS. MCNABB.....	<i>Widow and Suffragette, Who Becomes a Naval Officer</i>
DORIS DENTON	<i>An Athletic Bud, Who Becomes the Fire Chief</i>
ROSALIE MYERS	<i>Her Chum, Who Becomes a Millionaire</i>
ELIZA GOOBER.....	<i>The "Cullud" Cook, Who Becomes Chief of Police Several Suffragettes.</i>

NOTE TO MANAGER: Eliza may be played by a man if desired, but it has been successfully played by a lady.

TIME—The Day After Tomorrow.

PLACE—Your Home Town.

TIME OF PERFORMANCE—Two Hours.

The entire action of the play occurs in the living room of Eve Greenway's suburban home on a morning in March.

- ACT 1. Running for Office.
- ACT 2. When Women Rule.
- ACT 3. Her Lord and Master.

The curtain will be lowered for a few moments during Acts 1 and 3, to indicate a slight lapse of time.

NOTICE—Production of this play is free to amateurs, but the sole professional rights are reserved by the author, who may be addressed in care of the Publishers.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY EBEN H. NORRIS.
© C.I.D. 45199

OCT 18 1916

no. 1

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Her Honor the Mayor is intended to be a good-natured satire on the woman's rights question, neither for nor against the movement, but written for the sole purpose of providing a little fun as a two hours' relaxation for the tired business man or business woman. Eve Greenway, a wealthy young lady, is engaged to Lester Parmenter, who is a candidate for mayor of the town. The newspaper announces that Lester is to make a speech denouncing the suffragists, and three of their number call on Eve in their indignation. Eve is equally indignant and joins their party. She tells Lester that he must choose between her and his party, if they insist on him making the anti-suffrage speech. Mr. McGoon, his political manager, arrives and tells him that he must make the speech, promising that if he does so he will be sure of election. Lester refuses and even declares his intention of making a speech favoring the cause. McGoon steals the anti-suffrage speech and determines to make it himself. But how shall he keep Lester away from the meeting? He determines to drug him and hires Eliza Goober, the "cullud" hired girl, to do the work. By a mistake Eve herself drinks the drug and falls asleep.

The rest of the play is Eve's dream. She dreams that she and Lester are married and that she has been elected mayor of the town. The men have been deprived of the ballot and the second act shows them doing the work formerly done by the women. Lester is housekeeper and McGoon the hired girl. Eliza Goober is now the Chief of Police. Her Honor the Mayor allows herself to be bribed and thus puts herself in the power of Lieutenant McNabb of the good ship Susan B. Anthony, who is the villain of the play. Lieutenant McNabb proposes to Eve's brother Clarence and is about to expose Eve when she is thwarted by the brave and noble Chief of the Fire Department, formerly Miss Doris Denton.

The Fire Chief is kidnapped, however, and the wedding

of Clarence and Lieutenant McNabb approaches. Clarence is in despair, but the Fire Chief escapes and elopes with Clarence to Italy. The Lieutenant orders the arrest of the Mayor and then Eve awakens and finds it was all a dream.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAY.

Act 1.—A morning in March. Eve's suburban villa. Three indignant suffragists. "I tell you, girls, the more a woman sees of a man, the more she likes a bulldog." Eve joins the cause of woman's rights. "I'll show you how a weak, clinging vine can tame a mere man." Lester Parmenter, Eve's fiance and candidate for Mayor, is tamed. The political boss has a tilt with the leader of the suffragettes. "If a woman is a rag, a bone and a hank of hair, then man is a jag, a drone and a tank of air!" The boss bribes the "cullud" hired girl to drug Lester. Eve dreams she has been elected Mayor.

Act 2.—Eve's dream. Women are making the laws and men are making the beds. "I've been darning stockings like a dutiful husband." Lester asks his wife for a little money. "What did you do with that dollar and a half I gave you last week?" Clarence is insulted by Mrs. McNabb and is rescued by Doris Denton, the brave Fire Chief. Rosalie bribes the Mayor. A "cullud" Chief of the Police. Mrs. McNabb proposes to Clarence. "I still hold the winning card." A duel for the documents. "Saved, saved!"

Act 3.—Eve still dreams. Clarence's wedding day. Mike demands the ballot for men. "We have to pay taxes and why shouldn't we be allowed the ballot? Votes for Men!" The elopement of Clarence. Eliza arrests Mike, but he produces the "collateral" and is set free. "Officer, do your duty." Her Honor the Mayor is arrested. Eve awakes and learns that it was all a dream.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

LESTER—A business man of thirty. Small mustache. Black cutaway coat, gray trousers, white vest, white spats,

gray gloves and tie, top hat. Cane. Act 2: White trousers, pink silk cap, dainty apron trimmed with pink. Pink bow tie. Act 3, Scene 1: Gray trousers of Act 1. Shirt of Act 1. Large black sash. Act 3, Scene 2: Same as Act 1.

MIKE—Portly man of forty-five, with Irish accent. Loud checked suit, spats, red vest, large watch, chain and charm, derby hat, red satin puff tie. Cane. Red face with black drooping mustache. Walks with a swagger. Act 2: White trousers, sport shirt, green bow tie, white lace cap with green bow, large gingham apron. Act 3, Scene 1: Trousers, spats, shirt, etc., same as Act 1. Gingham apron (to be taken off when he leaves). Cap as in Act 2 to be changed for red tam and red parasol. Act 3, Scene 2: Same as Act 1.

CLARENCE—Small man of twenty. “Dude” part. Act 1: Sporty college clothes, very small cap, etc. Act 2: White suit, Panama hat with gaudy band, silk shirt, blue silk sash, blue Buster Brown tie, hat trimmed with blue satin and long white feather, wrist watch, blue stockings, small vanity case. Act 3, Scene 1: Same as Act 2, but white sash and tie. Wedding veil. Act 3, Scene 2: White suit and cap.

EVE—Aged twenty. Act 1: Fluffy pink dress. Act 2: Dark tailor-made dress, derby hat, dark coat, man’s shirt, collar and tie. Cane. Act 3, Scene 1: Same as Act 2. Act 3, Scene 2: Slip the costume of Act 1 over the costume of Act 2. This should be done in a hurry.

MRS. McNABB—Aged fifty. Eyeglasses throughout. Hair powdered and parted. Act 1: Dark mannish suit, hat and umbrella. Act 2: White duck skirt, coat cut like naval lieutenant’s, shoulder straps, brass buttons, belt and sword. Act 3: Same as Act 2.

DORIS—Aged nineteen. Pretty walking dress and hat. Act 2: Dark blue suit, brass buttons, fireman’s helmet, etc. Act 3: Same as Act 2.

ROSALIE—Aged eighteen. White walking dress and hat, very elaborate. Act 2: Tailor made suit. Neat mannish hat. Cane. Act 3: Same as Act 1.

ELIZA—Negro character, made up very fat. Black

gloves. Kinky wig, dressed high. Calico dress, white apron with bib. Cap with yellow bow. Do not suggest the "old mammy" type, but rather the up-to-date "cullud" domestic. Act 2: Policeman's coat, helmet, badge, white gloves and stick. Act 3, Scene 1: Same as Act 2. Act 3, Scene 2: Same as Act 1. This character may be played by a man.

PROPERTIES.

Act 1.

Three newspapers.

Handbell on table.

Manuscript speech for Lester.

Small cup of coffee and plate of cakes on tray.

Small bottle for Mike.

Waste basket under table.

Act 2.

Long pink stocking for Lester.

Work basket with needle and thread.

Rolling pin for Mike.

Quarter (coin) for Eve.

Cane and leather bag for Rosalie. Bag contains elaborate box of candy.

Sword for Mrs. McNabb.

Poker at fireplace.

Police club for Eliza (made of brown cloth, stuffed with cotton).

Act 3.

Wedding veil for Clarence.

Pins for Lester.

Wedding wreath for Mike.

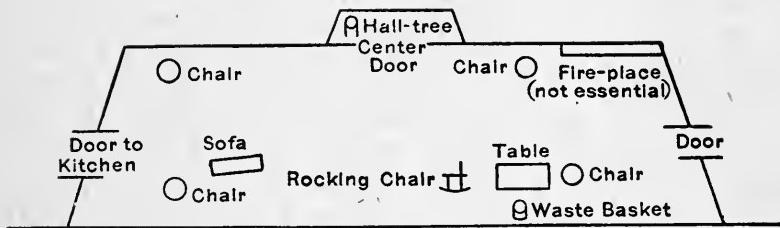
Box of chocolates (same as used in Act 2).

Red parasol.

Brooch in leather box.

Small purse for Mike.

STAGE SETTING.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance, up-stage, etc.; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; up-stage, away from footlights; down-stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

HER HONOR THE MAYOR

ACT 1.

RUNNING FOR OFFICE.

SCENE 1: *Elegantly furnished living room in EVE GREENWAY'S suburban home. Three doors open on the stage, one at C., designated as C. D., one at R., leading to the kitchen, and one at L., leading upstairs. Carpet down. The essential furniture consists of a table down-stage L. C., with three chairs around it, a sofa at R. with a small chair in the R. corner, a hatrack near the C. entrance. Fireplace up L. corner. Neat furniture, palms, jars of vivid flowers, curtains, mantel ornaments, pictures, etc., to dress the stage. Note: This set should be as elaborate as possible. It is used throughout the play.*

Time: 10 a. m. in late March. Lights on full throughout act.

Bright music, "There is a Tavern in the Town," or some similar selection, played loud and fast.

Curtain rises disclosing an empty stage. After a slight pause the voices of ROSALIE MYERS, MRS. MCNABB and DORIS DENTON are heard outside at rear.

ROSALIE (*outside*). It's perfectly absurd to speak of women as having no courage.

DORIS. I'd like to tell Lester Parmenter what I think of him.

MRS. MCNABB. No courage; indeed! Well, I have courage enough to meet him face to face and tell him that his article is a base and groundless piece of slander.

They enter from C. D., each with a newspaper.

ROSALIE (*coming down R.*). If I were Eve Greenway I'd break my engagement.

DORIS (*coming down L. C.*). She'd be perfectly justified in so doing. He has slandered her as well as the whole sex.

MRS. McNABB (*coming down C.*). Certainly. An attack upon woman in general is an attack upon each one of us individually.

DORIS. And I always thought Lester Parmenter was such a nice man. If he makes that speech today, I'll never speak to him again.

ROSALIE. I don't see what right he has to rail against the women, when he's going to be married next week.

MRS. McNABB. Maybe that's just the reason.

DORIS. At any rate his opinion isn't worth anything. He's just trying to get solid with the male vote, that's all.

ROSALIE. Humph! A pretty Mayor he'd make, wouldn't he? Thinking every woman is a coward and a dependent. Nice ideas for a man who is candidate for Mayor.

MRS. McNABB. He's just like all the rest of the men. They think we are poor, weak, clinging vines. Really, the truth of the matter is that it is man who is the weak, clinging vine. But they're ashamed to admit it. Oh, it makes me so mad! I tell you, girls, the more a woman sees of a man, the more she likes a bulldog.

ROSALIE. Oh, Mrs. McNabb, you are too hard on the men. Do you believe in marriage?

MRS. McNABB. Get a dog that growls all morning, a parrot that swears all afternoon, and a cat that stays out all night, and you'll know exactly what my opinion of a husband is.

DORIS. I wonder where Eve is. (*Rings bell on table.*) Surely she must have seen this article in the paper. I wonder what she thinks of her dear Lester now?

ROSALIE. Maybe it's all a newspaper story. I don't think Lester intends to make such a speech at all. He has too much respect for Eve.

MRS. McNABB. Nonsense. When you are as old as I am, Rosalie, you'll know that a man will do anything on earth to be elected to office.

Enter ELIZA from R.

ELIZA (*at door R.*). Did you all ring de bell?

DORIS. Yes, Eliza, is Eve at home?

ELIZA. Deed an' I dunno, Miss Doris. I's done got ma hands in de wash and I hain't seen nothin' ob Miss Eve since breakfast.

ROSALIE. See if she's upstairs, please, Eliza.

ELIZA (*crossing to L.*). Yas'm, Miss Rosalie, I'll see if she's done made her twilight yet. I specks she has, 'cause Mr. Parmenter ginerally comes 'long 'bout dis time. I'll see if I can find her. (*Exits L.*)

ROSALIE. Oh, I hope Lester won't come while we're here. It would be so embarrassing.

MRS. McNABB. I hope he does. I'll tell him right to his face what I think about him. Here he is a candidate for Mayor and going to make a speech in the City Hall this afternoon on "Why Women Should Not Be Given the Ballot." If I see him, he'll listen to a few words on the other side of the question.

DORIS (*looking at paper*). The paper says that Mr. Parmenter considers the home as the proper sphere for woman, and that she should have no interests outside of her household. The very idea!

ROSALIE (*looking at paper*). Listen to this. (*All read papers.*) "Mr. Parmenter's answer to the suffragist's arguments that women are as brave as men may be summed up in two words: Moral bravery as distinct from physical bravery."

MRS. McNABB. Humph! I'd have Mr. Lester Parmenter know that I am just as brave as he is. Some woman ought to turn him over her knee and give him a good sound spanking.

Enter Eve from L.

EVE. Why, Doris! And Mrs. McNabb! And Rosalie! (*Shakes hands with each.*) I just learned you were here. Won't you sit down. (*All are standing immediately in front of chairs.*)

DORIS, ROSALIE and MRS. McNABB. Thank you. (*All sit quickly at the same time.*)

EVE (*sits at L.*). Pleasant day, isn't it?

MRS. McNABB (*at C.*). Have you seen the morning paper?

EVE. Yes; I read it at breakfast.

DORIS. Did you read about Mr. Parmenter?

EVE. Yes, and I must say that I cannot understand his attitude at all.

MRS. McNABB. His attitude is plain enough. He is opposed to womankind.

EVE. Oh, I'm sure he isn't opposed to *all* women.

ROSALIE. He thinks we are weak, clinging vines.

MRS. McNABB. When I meet him I shall change his opinion. He shall learn that Belinda McNabb isn't a weak, clinging vine at all.

DORIS. Oh, Eve, can't you persuade him not to make that speech? It would be such a reflection on you.

EVE. Why on me?

DORIS. Because you have announced your engagement to him. Don't you see what a predicament it would place you in?

EVE (*slowly*). I never thought of that.

ROSALIE. Of course you aren't a suffragist like we are, but you are a woman.

EVE. I'm not sure I'm not becoming a suffragist.

MRS. McNABB. Is it possible? Oh, won't you sign this paper? (*Produces book.*) Won't you unite with us in fighting our common enemy, man?

DORIS. Of course she won't. Mr. Parmenter wouldn't approve.

EVE. I don't care whether Mr. Parmenter approves or not. Give me the book. I'll sign. (*Takes book, goes to table and signs.*)

ROSALIE. You dear!

MRS. McNABB. Now your duty is plain. This makes it so much easier.

EVE (*quaking*). My duty?

MRS. McNABB. Of course. You mustn't allow Mr. Parmenter to make that speech against the suffragists.

EVE. How can I prevent it? We're not married yet, you know.

Enter ELIZA from L.

ELIZA. Mr. Parmenter's done drove up in his car. Shall I let him in?

ALL (*rise*). Mr. Parmenter here?

ELIZA. Yas'm; he's here. (*Bell rings off stage.*) Dat's him now.

EVE. Shall I receive him?

DORIS. Of course. You must convince him that he is mistaken.

MRS. McNABB. You must persuade him not to make any speech against the suffragists.

ROSALIE. And you prove to him that women are not weak, clinging vines.

EVE. I'll do it. Eliza, show these ladies into the library. You wait in there a few minutes and I'll show you how a weak, clinging vine can tame a mere man.

ELIZA (*goes to L.*). Right dis way, ladies. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. McNABB (*at door L.*). Remember, you are one of us. (*Exit L.*)

ROSALIE (*at door L.*). - Teach him a lesson he will never forget. Make him so tame he will eat right out of your hand. (*Exit L.*)

DORIS (*at door L.*). And remember that our watchword is "Women Shall Rule" and "Down with the Men!" (*Exit L.*)

EVE (*down R.*). Now I'm a suffragette. What next, I wonder.

Enter ELIZA from L.

ELIZA. Is you ready for him, Miss Eve?

EVE (*arranges hair, etc.*). Yes, Eliza. Bring in the victim.

ELIZA (*loudly yells out of C. D.*). Victim, come on in. (*Exits C. D.*)

Enter CLARENCE from R.

CLARENCE. I thought I heard the doorbell ring, sis.

EVE. Eliza has gone. It is only Mr. Parmenter.

CLARENCE. Then, good night! I suppose there isn't room for little brother.

EVE. Miss Denton is in the library.

CLARENCE (*delighted*). She is? Me for the library.
(*Starts out L.*)

EVE. Wait a minute. Mrs. McNabb is there, too.

CLARENCE (*at door L., wilts*). Good night!

EVE. Go under the window and whistle. Doris will come out and you can show her the new orchids in the conservatory.

CLARENCE. I'm on. So long, sis. (*Runs out R.*)

Enter LESTER PARMENTER from C. D.

LESTER. Eve!

EVE. Good morning, Mr. Parmenter.

LESTER (*hurries to her*). Why, whatever is the matter?

EVE. There is nothing the matter.

LESTER. What have I done? Eve, why are you treating me like this?

EVE. I suppose you've read the morning paper.

LESTER. Is it about that woman's rights speech I'm going to make?

EVE. Yes, it is. What right have you to assume that all women are weak, clinging vines?

LESTER. I don't think so. I only use that as a type.

EVE. And I suppose you are going to say that women have no physical bravery at all.

LESTER. Yes, that's one of my arguments.

EVE. Indeed? (*Turns away.*)

LESTER. Now listen, Eve. I don't want to make this speech, but Mr. McGoon insists on it. You know the sentiment of this town is strongly against woman's rights, and think of the votes I'd win if I came out with a sound speech on this subject. It's something no other candidate has thought of.

EVE. Perhaps the other candidates do not hold your absurd opinions.

LESTER. My opinions aren't absurd. You're an anti-suffragist yourself.

EVE. I was until I read this morning's paper. Now I have joined the suffragist party.

LESTER (*amazed*). Eve!

EVE. What will people in town say when they learn that you have made such a speech? Everyone knows we're engaged.

LESTER. What is there in the speech that you object to?

EVE. I object to all of it. You say women are not as brave as men.

LESTER. Well, are they?

EVE. Of course they are.

LESTER. Would you go to war?

EVE. It isn't always the bravest who go to war. How about the heart-broken wife or mother who, hiding her tears, hands the musket to the soldier and bids him God-speed, even though her heart is breaking? Isn't that bravery?

LESTER. Yes, I'll admit that is a certain kind of bravery. But when you read my speech in full in tomorrow's paper, when I come and explain it to you—

EVE. I don't think you had better come tomorrow.

LESTER. You mean? (*Pause.*)

EVE. I mean that we are not at all suited for one another. I think woman has just as much right to vote as man has. Who dares deny woman the privilege? No one but man. And by what right does man claim this privilege? Simply because he has always had it. Is that any argument? No, Lester, if you make that speech this afternoon, all is at an end between us.

LESTER. Do you mean that you would let a foolish little speech ruin both of our lives?

EVE. If it is a foolish little speech, why do you need to make it at all?

LESTER. It's part of my campaign. McGoon would be furious if I neglect this opportunity.

EVE. Yes, and I will be equally furious if you embrace

it. Now, which will it be, my opinion or the opinion of Mr. Michael McGoon?

LESTER (*pleading*). Eve! You don't know what this means to me.

EVE. You understand my position exactly. If you make that speech I will never look upon you as my friend again.

LESTER. But, Eve—

EVE. My decision is final, Mr. Parmenter.

Enter ELIZA from C. D.

ELIZA. I begs pardon, Miss Eve, but a man is outside and he wants to see Mr. Parmenter at once.

LESTER (*to EVE*). Will you excuse me?

EVE. No, I will not. You see him here. I'll wait in the library.

LESTER. Very well.

EVE. We've got to have this thing out before you leave the house. (*Goes to door at L.*) If you make that speech at the City Hall this afternoon, Mr. Parmenter, I'll hire the City Hall and make a speech there myself. Tomorrow I'll make a speech on the Rights of Woman. (*Exits L.*)

LESTER. She'll do it, too.

ELIZA. Shall I show him in here, Mr. Parmenter?

LESTER. Yes, Eliza. (*Exit ELIZA, C. D.*) What shall I do? It's no use to try to conciliate Eve. When she once makes up her mind the Rock of Gibraltar is a mere pebble compared to it.

Enter ELIZA, C. D., showing in MIKE.

MIKE McGOON. Ah, good morning, Lester, me boy. I have great news for you.

LESTER. What is it?

MIKE. I just got a telegram from the State Committee and they want you to come to the Capital and make your anti-suffragist speech there. It's great dope. Your election is cinched.

LESTER. I don't think I'll accept, Mike. In fact, I don't think I'll make the speech here this afternoon.

MIKE. Won't make the speech, is it? Are you crazy, man? Why not?

LESTER. Because I've changed my mind.

MIKE. Nonsense. You were up too late last night and you're still dreaming. I tell you that with that speech you can win the office in a walk.

LESTER. Isn't there any chance of winning the office without the speech?

MIKE. Not the least in the world.

LESTER. Then let the office go. I will not make the speech.

MIKE. What! You won't? Then begorrah, I'll make the speech for you.

LESTER. Nonsense. If that speech is made it will antagonize every woman in town.

MIKE. What's the difference? The women in this town don't get a vote.

LESTER. But I'm going to be married soon and my fiancee doesn't want me to make any speech against the rights of woman.

MIKE. I'd like to see any woman dictate to me. I believe in the rights of man, and the first right of man is to see that his wife loves, honors and obeys him.

LESTER. You don't know what you are talking about. Mr. McGoon, my mind is fully made up. I will not make any speech that will antagonize my future wife.

Enter EVE from L.

EVE. Oh, I beg your pardon.

LESTER. Eve, let me present Mr. McGoon, my campaign manager.

MIKE (*at R. C.*). Pleased to meet you.

LESTER (*down R.*). I have just been telling Mr. McGoon that I would not make that speech this afternoon.

EVE (*down L.*). You have? (*Delighted.*) And what does Mr. McGoon say to that?

MIKE. Mr. McGoon says it's a shame. Why, that speech would mean that Parmenter has the office cinched.

EVE. If Mr. Parmenter can't cinch the office without

making such a speech, it is better that the office remained uncinched.

MIKE. But it's political suicide for him, so it is. If he gets to be mayor of the town, sure that is only a stepping-stone to the legislature. Maybe he'll be governor some day.

EVE. If he can win without sacrificing his integrity, it is well. But he must not say anything against the suffragists.

MIKE. And I say he must. If he don't make that speech, I'll make it meself.

Enter Mrs. McNabb and Rosalie from L.

EVE. Come in, ladies. Mr. Parmenter has decided not to make the speech.

MRS. MCNABB. Then three cheers for Mr. Parmenter.

EVE. But Mr. McGoon says he's going to make the speech himself.

MRS. MCNABB (*at L. C., speaks witheringly*). And pray who is Mr. McGoon?

MIKE. I am Mr. McGoon, if you please.

EVE. Oh, yes. Mrs. McNabb, Mr. McGoon.

MIKE. You are a suffragette, I take it.

MRS. MCNABB. You are right, sir; I am a leader of the suffragettes. I have just returned from a Correspondence School, where I smashed every window in the institution.

ROSLIE (*at L., between Mrs. McNabb and Eve*). And why did you do that, Mrs. McNabb?

MRS. MCNABB. Because all their signs said, "We Teach Through the Mails." I changed the signs. Now they read, "We Teach Through the Females."

ROSLIE (*applauding*). Good!

MRS. MCNABB. I believe in equal rights. I believe that every woman should receive a man's wages.

MIKE. Sure, they do. Me wife receives mine every Saturday night.

MRS. MCNABB. And woman should have the ballot. On election day her place is at the polls.

MIKE. It is. At the North Pole and the South Pole.

MRS. McNABB. The time is not far distant when women will make the laws and men—

MIKE. Men will make the beds, I suppose.

MRS. McNABB. You are right. On election day in the future women will sweep the country and men will be at home sweeping the floor.

EVE and ROSALIE (*applaud*). Hurrah!

MIKE. What is woman, anyhow? Kipling says she is a rag, a bone and a hank of hair.

LADIES (*indignantly*). Oh!

MRS. McNABB. Well, what is man? A jag, a drone and a tank of air. And hot air at that. If it were not for a woman, where would man be today?

MIKE. Back in the Garden of Eden, happy all day, picking strawberries.

MRS. McNABB. And you think woman has not the courage of man. That's what Mr. Parmenter was going to say in his speech. Woman is far braver than man. Let me tell you right now that I am not afraid of man or beast.

MIKE. Rats!

MRS. McNABB (*jumping in rocking-chair at L. C.*). Where? Where?

EVE. Did you really see a rat?

MIKE. Not at all. I just saw a sample of that lady's courage.

MRS. McNABB (*jumping down*). Oh, I'd like to tell you what I think of you.

MIKE. It isn't necessary. Me wife does that.

MRS. McNABB (*crosses to LESTER*). Mr. Parmenter, I want to thank you, in behalf of all womankind, for refusing to make that speech.

LESTER (*takes manuscript from pocket*). Here's the speech. Now see what I'm going to do with it. (*Tears it once across and throws it in waste basket.*)

MRS. McNABB. Hurray!

MIKE. Good-night! That manes that you won't be elected.

MRS. McNABB (*turns and gives MIKE a withering look*). It means that he is a man and a gentleman. Come, Rosalie, we must be going over to the committee rooms. We've done a great bit of work this morning. (*Crosses to C. D., ROSALIE follows.*)

LESTER. By George, I think I will make a speech this afternoon, after all.

LADIES (*alarmed*). You will?

MIKE (*delighted*). That's the boy!

LESTER. I'll make a speech, but it will be a speech that will rouse the town. I'll speak in favor of suffrage.

ALL. What!

LESTER. And if I'm not elected—well, at least my future wife will approve of my sentiments.

MRS. McNABB. Perfectly splendid. Good morning. Eve, I am so glad you have enlisted beneath the yellow banner. (*Exits C. D. with ROSALIE.*)

EVE (*hurries after them*). Just a moment, Mrs. McNabb. (*Exits C. D.*)

MIKE (*at L. C.*). Now you *have* got your foot in it.

LESTER. I don't care whether I'm elected or not. I'll stand by my convictions.

EVE (*appears at C. D.*). Oh, Lester, Mrs. McNabb wants you for a moment. She wants to give you some pointers on your speech. (*Exit C. D.*)

LESTER. Just wait here a moment, McGoon. (*Exit C. D.*)

MIKE (*goes to basket and takes up the speech*). Begorra, I'll read the speech meself.

Enter ELIZA from L.

ELIZA. Oh, is you here yet?

MIKE. I am. Say, how would you like to make five dollars?

ELIZA. How can I make five dollars, boss?

MIKE. If you can keep Mr. Parmenter away from the meeting at the City Hall this afternoon I'll give you five dollars.

ELIZA. What you want me to do—assassinate him?

MIKE. I wonder if you couldn't put him to sleep a while.

ELIZA. No, sah; I ain't dat kind ob a girl.

MIKE. I have it. (*Gives her small bottle.*) Put a few drops of this in a cup of coffee and give it to Mr. Parmenter. It won't harm him at all. It will only make him sleep for three or four hours. Can you do it?

ELIZA. No, sah. I ain't gwine to put *no* man to sleep.

MIKE (*waves five-dollar bill under her nose*). Not even for five dollars?

ELIZA. Is you got six dollars?

MIKE. Yes. There's another bill. Now just take the bottle and put three drops in a cup of coffee and then I guess Mr. Parmenter won't make any speech in favor of woman's rights.

ELIZA. Gimme de money. (*Takes it.*) Now gimme de bottle. (*Takes it.*) Is you sure I won't git arrested for highway robbery for dis?

MIKE. Not at all. It's perfectly safe. And remember; not a word to anyone. Hush! They're coming back.

ELIZA (*crosses to door at L.*). My, I'se gettin' to be a regular movin' picture heroine. Don't worry, boss. I'll make dat man sleep so sound dat he won't never know he is sleeping. (*Exit L.*)

Enter LESTER and EVE from C. D.

LESTER. It's all settled, Mike. I've gone over to the other side.

MIKE. Well, it's your own lookout. But don't blame me if you don't get elected. That's all. Good morning. (*Exits C. D.*)

LESTER. I'd better go over to the office and begin on my speech right away.

Enter ELIZA with coffee and cake on tray.

ELIZA. I's jes' fixed up a little lunch for you, boss.

LESTER. I haven't time now. I've got some great ideas and I must hurry and write them down.

EVE. Les, you are a darling. (*They go out C. D.*)

ELIZA (*puts tray on table*). Land sakes! Now I's got to

give dat man his six dollars back. Mm! And I was jes' beginning to feel like a millionaire. *(Exit L.)*

Enter EVE from C. D.

EVE. Wasn't that dear of Lester? Now who says a woman cannot influence a man's political views. *(Sees coffee on table.)* He didn't even stop for Eliza's lunch. *(Drinks coffee.)* That's good. *(Eats cake.)* And now I'm a suffragette. *(Rises.)* Isn't it funny? I never dreamed I'd take up the yellow banner. I suppose I'll be as enthusiastic as the rest of them, making speeches and breaking windows. *(Yawns.)* How sleepy I am. *(Crosses to sofa at R.)* I wonder if the women ever will get into power. *(Sits on sofa.)* Just fancy having a woman mayor and chief of police and everything. Maybe the time will come when I'll be elected to an office. *(Yawns.)* I've a good notion to take a little nap. *(Reclines on sofa.)* Wouldn't it be funny if I were elected mayor instead of Lester. Awfully—awfully—funny! *(Sleeps.)*

SLOW CURTAIN.

SCENE 2: *Same as Scene 1. The curtain is lowered but a few seconds. Eve is discovered asleep on the sofa down R.*

EVE (*awakens*). Eliza! Eliza!

Enter ELIZA from R.

ELIZA. Yas, ma'am. Here I is.

EVE. Where is my husband?

ELIZA. He's upstairs putting de children to bed.

EVE. I must have dropped asleep. Have you voted yet, Eliza?

ELIZA (*at C.*). Yes, ma'am. I's done voted four times. And I's influenced eb'ry cullud lady in our church to vote three or four times, and eb'ry last vote was for you. Yas, ma'am, you sure is gwine to be de next mayor ob dis town.

EVE. Was there any excitement at the polls?

ELIZA. Excitement? Dere sure was. I nebber seen such a fight in all my born days. It was worse'n a dozen bar-

gain sales at de five and ten-cent stores. 'Bout 'leven hundred ladies done got scratched in de face and 'bout 'leven thousand more done lost 'bout half ob their hair. But de biggest excitement was when some men come along and tried to vote.

EVE. Why, how preposterous. Of course they weren't allowed to vote, were they?

ELIZA. No, ma'am. De lady policeman arrested 'bout thirty-five of 'em. What does men know 'bout politics. It ain't their sphere.

EVE. Certainly not. They should be content with the simpler problems of domestic life.

ELIZA. Say, Miss Eve, we certainly has had a powerful lot ob visitors. Seems like every lady in town wants to get you to 'point her to some political office, in case you does get elected.

EVE. I know it. You mustn't let anyone in until the returns are all in.

ELIZA. Dey's some wants to be policeman and dey's some wants to be on de fire department, but most all ob 'em wants to be de Superintendent of Schools. One ob 'em is outside now, jes' waiting to see you.

EVE. Who is it, Eliza?

ELIZA. It's Miss Doris Denton. I told her dat you was indisposed, but she say she gwine to wait till you is *disposed*. And dere she sets in my kitchen.

EVE. Well, Doris is such an old friend, I think I had better see her. You may tell her to come in.

ELIZA. Yas'm, I'll tell her. But dis here job is gettin' too sanctimonious for me. It sure is. I wish you could get me a position workin' for de government.

EVE. What position would you like, Eliza?

ELIZA. I dunno jes' exactly what. Has you got such a job as a chicken inspector, or sumpin' like dat?

EVE (*laughs*). I'm afraid not. But show Doris in here.

ELIZA. Yas'm. (*Crosses to door at R.*) I certainly would like to be Chief ob Police. Dat would jest about suit de official satisfaction ob my nature. (*Exit R.*)

EVE. I wonder how the vote is going. Oh, I'd die of disappointment if Emily Blair was elected mayor. (*Cross to L.*) I'm so nervous I don't know what to do.

Enter DORIS from R.

DORIS. Oh, I'm so glad you consented to see me. (*Shakes hands.*) You are as good as elected already. Every girl in our crowd is pulling for you like hot cakes.

EVE. And I owe it all to you, Doris.

DORIS. I've been wondering if you'd made your selection yet for the city officers? All the girls want to be a candidate for the Chief of Police. What do you think about it, dear?

EVE. I hardly know. You see I'm not elected yet.

DORIS. Oh, the returns will all be in in about half an hour. Don't you think I'd make a good policeman?

EVE. Why do you want to be a policeman?

DORIS. So I can arrest any man I please. And I'd just love to uplift the moral standard of our city.

Enter ELIZA from R.

ELIZA (*at door at R.*). 'Scuse me, Miss Eve, but Miss Rosalie Myers wants to see you a little while. Is you in, or is you out?

EVE (*at L.*). I'm in. Tell Rosalie she can come right in. (*Exit ELIZA at R.*)

DORIS (*at R. C.*). But you haven't promised me, Eve.

EVE. I won't make any promises until after I'm elected.

Enter ROSALIE from R.

ROSALIE (*goes to EVE and shakes hands*). Oh, Eve, I just came from the polls.

EVE. How is the election going?

ROSALIE. You'll win in a walk. Oh, you dear! (*Hugs her.*)

EVE. You know Miss Denton?

ROSALIE (*turns*). Why, sure. Hello, Doris.

DORIS (*distantly*). How do you do.

ROSALIE. I just dropped in for a minute, Eve. I wanted

to let you know how hard I've worked for you, and when you're elected I want to be the Chief of Police.

DORIS (*surprised*). What?

ROSALIE (*eagerly to Eve*). I've thought of the loveliest uniform to introduce. White satin with gold buttons and navy blue straps. Please, Eve, don't appoint anyone else Chief of Police. I can be that, can't I?

EVE (*at L.*). I hardly know, Rosalie. I won't promise anything until all the returns are in. Maybe I'll put my husband in as Chief of Police.

DORIS. A man?

ROSALIE. Not a man?

DORIS. Why, that would be absurd.

ROSALIE. Perfectly absurd.

DORIS. And besides he's your relation.

ROSALIE. And it's against the law to appoint one of your relatives.

DORIS. Certainly it is.

ROSALIE. And we want a woman anyhow.

DORIS. We've had enough of man's rule.

ROSALIE. And it would be breaking the law to appoint your husband.

DORIS. It certainly would.

EVE. Oh, it would, would it? Then I'll repeal the law. I'll make some new laws. What's the good of being Mayor of a town if you can't make the laws to suit yourself?

DORIS (*angrily*). Very well, Eve Parmenter, if that's the way you feel about it, I'm sorry I voted for you. (*Exits C. D.*)

ROSALIE. And so am I. I thought we were friends, but I see now that you were only using me to win your election, and I hope you're defeated. So there! (*Exits C. D.*)

Enter CLARENCE from L.

CLARENCE. Wasn't that Doris Denton who just went out of the gate?

EVE (*at C.*). Yes, it was.

CLARENCE (*at L.*). She acted as if she were angry.

EVE. I suppose she was. She said she was sorry she voted for me.

CLARENCE. Oh, sister, you mustn't make Doris angry. She's such a sweet girl.

EVE. She wanted me to appoint her Chief of Police.

CLARENCE. Well, why didn't you?

EVE. I don't intend to allow anyone to dictate to me. I'll make my own appointments.

CLARENCE. I think you might have appointed Doris for my sake. I think she'd make a lovely Chief of Police. (*Goes to door at L.*) Sister, I'm real provoked with you. (*Exit L.*)

Enter ELIZA from C. D.

ELIZA. Dat Mis' McNabb out dere, and she wants to see you on business. Is you in, or is you out?

EVE (*down R.*). Tell her to come in. You have to handle Mrs. McNabb with gloves.

ELIZA. I'd like to handle her with a pair ob boxing gloves. I ain't got no use for dat woman; she's too perpendicular supercilious. (*Exit C. D.*)

Enter LESTER from L.

LESTER. Oh, Eve, come quick. Baby has swallowed a safety pin. At least, I think she has. At any rate, I can't find the pin and she's crying awfully.

EVE (*hurrying to L.*). Great heavens! Telephone to the doctor at once. Haven't you any sense of responsibility at all? Oh, these men, these men! (*Runs out L. followed by LESTER.*)

Enter ELIZA, C. D., followed by MRS. McNABB.

ELIZA. Come right in; she's here. (*Looks around.*) No, she ain't.

MRS. McNABB. I thought Mrs. Parmenter was here.

ELIZA. Dat's jes what I thought, too. But she's done evaporated.

MRS. McNABB (*sits at R.*). I'll wait until she returns.

ELIZA. Yas'm, dat's right; make yourself at home.

MRS. McNABB. This is a great day, Eliza. A great day

for womankind. At last she is coming into her own. The tyrant man has been subdued and we are victorious.

ELIZA (*at L.*). Is we?

MRS. McNABB. No more drudgery for woman. Now we'll rule the world.

ELIZA. Yas'm, dat's jes' what I's been wantin'.

MRS. McNABB. Henceforth we are the powers that be. You must resign your position at once. It is beneath the dignity of a woman to be a servant.

ELIZA. Yas'm; dat's jes' what I's gwine to do.

MRS. McNABB. In the future the housework will be done by the men. We are sisters working in a common cause.

ELIZA. Who is?

MRS. McNABB. Why, you and I. You are no longer a servant. You are the mistress of your fate. And you are my companion and sister.

ELIZA. Who, me?

MRS. McNABB. Certainly. You must assert your independence.

ELIZA. I didn't know I had an independence.

MRS. McNABB. Now, find Eve for me and tell her I am waiting.

ELIZA. Who you talking to?

MRS. McNABB. Why, I'm talking to you, Eliza.

ELIZA. I beg your pardon, lady, if you is talking to me, my maiden name is Miss Goober.

MRS. McNABB. Why, certainly, Eliza—

ELIZA. Only ma familiar friends calls me Eliza. Kindly call me Miss Goober.

MRS. McNABB (*laughs*). Oh, very well, Miss Goober. Find Eve and tell her I am waiting to see her.

ELIZA. I's a new woman, I is.

MRS. McNABB. Yes, but—

ELIZA. I's gwine to assert my independence. So kindly hab de differentiation to address me like a companion and a sister.

MRS. McNABB. Oh, very well. Miss Goober, will you kindly tell Eve that Mrs. McNabb is waiting.

ELIZA. Is you askin' me as a friend and sister companion, or is you askin' me as a hired girl?

MRS. McNABB. Oh, I suppose I'm asking you as a friend and sister.

ELIZA (*with dignity*). Dat's right. Very well, sister. I'll hab de consumption to inform Mis' Parmenter dat you is awaitin' her arrival with unparalleled perspicacity. (*At door L.*) Au reservoir! (*Marches out L. tossing her head.*)

MRS. McNABB. Good gracious! If this is the hired girl under the new system, give me the old system every time.

Enter EVE from L.

EVE. I hope you will pardon me, Belinda; but Lester was just having some trouble with the baby. He thought she had swallowed a safety pin and became very much wrought up. I found the pin on the floor. Oh, these men, these men!

MRS. McNABB. I just came from the polls. I can safely prophesy your election. Congratulations, Eve. You are to be the next Mayor of (*name local town*).

EVE. No, really?

MRS. McNABB. There isn't a doubt of it. And you owe it all to me.

EVE. I'm sure you have been a great help to me. I am very grateful.

MRS. McNABB (*coming C.*). Of course you understand that I am Chairwoman of the Committee. And I have a wonderful influence here in town. Thousands of women vote just as I tell them to. In fact, I could have been elected Mayor myself; but it is such a responsibility.

EVE. Yes, I'm just beginning to learn what a responsibility it is.

MRS. McNABB. You know I am the leading member of the (*insert local name*) Club, and am the star of the Eastern Star, the Imperial Boss of the Daughters of the Rainbow,

the K. M. of the K. and L. of H. and the queen bee of the Maccabees.

EVE. Yes, I fully appreciate your importance and dignity.

MRS. McNABB. Now there is nothing modest about me. Without my influence, where would you be today? Nowhere. I have made you the Mayor of (*insert name of town.*) And so I think you should allow me to have a say in appointing the city officials.

EVE. I shall certainly be glad of your advice.

MRS. McNABB. I thought you would. Now I want to name the Chief of the Fire Department, the City Commissioners, the City Council, the School Board, the School Superintendent, the City Treasurer, the Municipal Judge and the City Attorney. I intend to be the Chief of Police myself. Now that isn't too much, is it?

EVE (*sarcastically*). Oh, no; certainly not.

Enter MIKE, C. D.

MIKE. The returns are all in and they are beginning to count the votes.

MRS. McNABB. Good gracious! I should be at the polls. Now, don't worry, Eve. You're elected as sure as shooting. (*Exit C. D.*)

MIKE (*comes down C.*). Mrs. Parmenter, mum.

EVE. Yes, Mr. McGoon, what is it?

MIKE. I'm a politician, mum, and a very influential man. I was wondering if you could appoint me to a city office.

EVE. I haven't thought of my appointments yet.

MIKE. I'd like to be the Chief of Police, mum.

EVE. You would. How many Chiefs of Police am I allowed to appoint?

MIKE. Only one. But I'm the man for the job. And why? Because I'm Irish, mum—and whoever heard of a Chief of Police who wasn't Irish?

EVE. You go back to the polls and let me know who is elected. I'll make my appointments later.

MIKE. Yis, mum. (*Goes to C. D.*) But remember, I'm Irish and I'd be a wonderful Chief of Police. (*Exit C. D.*)

EVE (*rings bell on table*). Eliza!

Enter ELIZA from R.

ELIZA. Yas'm; yere I is.

EVE. Eliza, how would you like to be the Chief of Police?

ELIZA. Who, me?

EVE. Yes, I think you'd make a better policeman than any one I know.

ELIZA. Yas'm. I accepts with gratification and presumption. I'll start in right now. Who you want me to arrest?

EVE. You may arrest any more office seekers who try to disturb me.

ELIZA. I'd like to arrest dat old Mis' McNabb. I'd gib her about ninety days on de rock pile, jest 'cause she's so supercilious. I don't like her no-how.

EVE. Neither do I. But I haven't any charge to prefer against her.

ELIZA. Oh, dat ain't necessary. If I is the Chief of Police, it ain't necessary to hab no charge at all. All you got to say is, "Do it!" and it's done done.

Enter CLARENCE and LESTER from L.

CLARENCE. Have you heard about the election yet?

EVE. No, they are just counting the votes.

LESTER. Oh, I do hope you're elected. What an honor to be the husband of the Mayor of (*insert name of the town*). All the other men will be so jealous of me.

EVE. I've just appointed Eliza as Chief of Police.

ELIZA. Dat's so. You-all better walk chalk now. 'Cause if you don't, you's arrested; dat's all. I ain't goin' to allow no injudicious triflin', I shore ain't.

LESTER (*down L.*). Then I suppose I'll have to get a new hired girl. And it's so hard to get servants nowadays.

EVE. I have an idea. Get Mr. McGoon to be the hired girl. Under the new system that will just about suit him.

CLARENCE (*at C. D.*). They're forming a parade. They're

coming this way. Oh, sister, you're elected. You're elected.

LESTER (*down L.*). Hurray!

EVE (*down R.*). I wonder if I'll have to make a speech.

ELIZA. Let me make a speech for you. I'm a great speechmaker. I could recite "The Village Blacksmith" or "Asleep at the Switch" for 'em. I's an elocutionist, I is. (*Band heard in distance.*)

CLARENCE. Oh, they've got a band.

ELIZA (*very much excited*). Dey is? Oh, lawdy, listen to de band. Say, I's jes' naturally got to go and march in dat procession. I can't make ma feet behave when I listens to a big brass band. (*Runs out at C. D.*)

EVE (*down R.*). Oh, what shall I do if they call on me to make a speech. (*Declaims.*) Friends, ladies and fellow citizens. I thank you for this honor. From the depths of my heart I thank you.

LESTER (*down L., applauds*). Hurray!

EVE. I cannot say that this honor is unexpected, for that would not be telling the truth, and now that the women are in power, we will always tell the truth.

CLARENCE (*at C. D.*). Hurray!

EVE. This is the beginning of a new era, the era of the emancipated woman and the subjected man.

CLARENCE. Hurray! They're coming down our street.

(*Band heard nearer playing "There is a Tavern in Our Town."* *Women heard singing.*)

EVE. Oh, I'm so nervous I don't know what to do.

CLARENCE. They're coming in; they're coming in. (*Joins LESTER down L.*)

Enter from C. D., MRS. McNABB, ROSALIE, DORIS, ten or twelve ladies playing on band instruments and finally ELIZA beating bass drum. (NOTE: The ladies do not have to play the instruments. This may be done behind scenes.) Ladies march across front of stage, line up facing the audience and all sing, ELIZA beating bass drum at proper intervals.

SUFFRAGETTE SONG.

Tune: "There is a Tavern in Our Town."

1. There is a movement going round, going round,
We've conquered every state and town, state and town,
And every woman in the land
Will soon be voting like a man.

Chorus—

Down with men, our war-cry ringing,
As we march let's all be singing,
For the women they are bound to rule the world, rule
the world!
Then on to vict'ry, on to vic-to-ry,
We trample down the men and we'll be free,
To vote and be elected is our cry,
The suffragettes will do or die.

2. We want a lady president, president,
To rule the world is our intent, our intent,
The lady police will run men in,
The lady judge will take their tin. (*Chorus as before.*)
3. Then forward, sisters, to the fray, to the fray,
We'll win our battle, yea or nay, yea or nay.
The men will have to stay at home
And wash the dishes while we roam!

(*Chorus as before.*)

(*All face EVE, who stands down R. near footlights.*)

MRS. McNABB. Mrs. Parmenter, it gives me great pleasure to announce that you are the future Mayor of (*local town.*) You've been elected by 313 majority.

LADIES. Hurray! Three cheers for the new Mayor. What's the matter with Parmenter? She's all right!

ELIZA (*beats drum*). Hurray!

MRS. McNABB. Silence! (*Takes out paper.*) I have here the official count. Parmenter received 902 votes, 589 votes for O'Flynn, 8 recipes for tomato ketchup, 4 wash lists and a milliner's bill. So you are elected.

ALL. Hurray! Speech! Speech! Speech!

ELIZA. Speech! (*Beats bass drum.*)

EVE. Friends, ladies and fellow constituents. I cannot make a speech.

ALL. Yes, yes; go on. Go on.

EVE. But I want to thank you one and all for electing me your Mayor. I will try to serve you to the best of my ability. The influence of woman shall accomplish wonderful things. We will reform politics, we will reform the men, we will reform the city, and our watchword will be, Down with Graft

ALL (*applaud*). Hurrah! Down with graft!

EVE. I shall appoint women to all the city offices and our sons and husbands must stay at home and attend strictly to their domestic duties.

ALL. Hurray!

ELIZA. Yas'm; dat's right. Hurray! (*Beats bass drum.*)

MRS. McNABB. Now, ladies, all together; three cheers for women and the new administration! (*All cheer and crowd around EVE, congratulating her.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

WHEN WOMEN RULE.

SCENE: *Same as Act 1. Lights on full throughout the act. Bright music to take up the curtain. "Home, Sweet Home," played very loud and very fast. End music when curtain is up.*

LESTER is discovered seated at R. of table down L. C. He wears a dainty apron, white trousers, silk shirt and pink Buster Brown tie. He is darning a long pink silk stocking. A work-basket is on the table near him.

LESTER (*singing as he sews, using very long thread and long awkward gestures in sewing*).

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Enter MIKE from R. He wears cook's large gingham apron, sport shirt and small white cap with green ribbon bow. Carries rolling pin. He stands at door R., arms on hips.

MIKE. Excuse me, boss, but what'll I be after having for dinner? The butcher lady ain't come, nor yet has the yung girrul from the grocery, and sorry a thing have we in the house for dinner, savin' seven cans of condensed soup and a bunch of bananys.

LESTER. Is that all, Mike?

MIKE. Sure and it is.

LESTER. Goodness gracious, and I'm so nervous. Telephone to the grocery at once and order some canned pork and beans. The Mayor is so fond of pork and beans. And order a peach pie from the bakery. She just adores peach pie.

MIKE. Yis, mum. I mane, yis sor. But I have further to inform you that the clothes line do be broken down and all me fine white clothes are soused in the mud. And never a stroke of washing will I do at all, at all, until next Chuesday. I might be a poor working man a drudgin' in yer kitchen, but I'll be a slave for no man, aven if he is the Mayor's husband.

LESTER. Very well, Mike. Leave the clothes go until Tuesday. But telephone for the dinner at once.

MIKE. Yis, mum. I mane, sor. (*Exit R.*)

LESTER. If I'd known what the responsibilities of housekeeping were, I fear I would have hesitated a long time before accepting the proposal of my wife. Ah, me! (*Long sigh.*) Would that I were single again.

Music: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," or some spirited march.

EVE. (*outside C.*). Mike, Mike! Run my car into the garage and put in a couple of new spark plugs.

Music swells as EVE enters C. D., takes off coat and hat and hangs them on rack. She comes down C. End music.

LESTER. (*rising and going C. to her*). Darling!

EVE (*sniffing the air*). M-m-m! Tobacco smoke! Mr. Parmenter, what does this mean?

LESTER. I don't know, dear.

EVE. Have you been smoking again?

LESTER. No, my dear, I have not been smoking. I renounced smoking when you made me your husband. It's so ungentlemanlylike. No, Eve, I've been darning your stockings like a dutiful husband.

EVE (*sits R. on sofa, putting feet in a chair*). Oh, I've had a beastly day.

LESTER (*sewing at L. C.*). Business worries, dear?

EVE. Business is rotten. But it's that French Chocolate bill that's worrying me. They are coming for the Mayor's signature in half an hour. To sign or not to sign; that is the question.

LESTER. What is the French Chocolate bill, dear?

EVE. They have introduced a bill in the City Council to provide each child at school with half a pound of French chocolate each day. Of course it is very nourishing, and just what the children need; but the cost to the city will be something enormous. But—

LESTER. But what, dear?

EVE. Oh, you couldn't understand. You don't understand politics. That's why the men have had their vote taken from them. They can't understand the serious things of life.

LESTER. Can't you explain it to me? I'll try to understand.

EVE. Now, don't bother your pretty little head with municipal affairs. All you have to do is to attend to the house. I will run the city.

LESTER. I'm afraid you've been working too hard, dear. We haven't had a real cosy chat together since you've been elected Mayor.

EVE. I can't help it. I have to go to the club every night to keep in touch with the other women. I have to keep in touch with the world. And the club is the only place—

LESTER (*rising indignantly*). The club! That's all you think about. The club! What about me? (*Pounds chest.*) Your true and lawful husband. I can't go to any club. But I have to sit here night after night (*anguished tones*), night after night, waiting for you to come home.

EVE (*rising*). Oh, cut it out! Don't you see I'm tired. Can't you let me have a little peace in my own house? I'm a tired business man—I mean woman. Don't nag at me all the time.

LESTER (*comes to her*). Tell me; have I lost my beauty? You seem so cold and distant. Am I less attractive now than when you took me from my happy home and married me?

EVE. Oh, cut it, cut it. I tell you I've got real troubles to think about. Go and tell the cook to get up a good dinner for six. The Committee are going to dine with me tonight.

LESTER. Why didn't you let me know before? Do you suppose we can get up a dinner for six on the spur of the minute? The cook is threatening to leave as it is.

EVE. Can't you even keep your servants? I thought when I married you that you could at least manage a house.

LESTER. You are treating me like a brute. I won't stand it. I'll leave you. I'll go back to father.

EVE. Well, that's better than bringing father here. Whatever happens I will not have a father-in-law in my house.

LESTER. Poor, dear, subdued old man. Now you are trying to insult my father.

EVE. Now, Les, don't let us quarrel. I know I was hasty. But my business troubles are so great. Forgive me; that's a good boy. And I'll buy you a new fall overcoat tomorrow.

LESTER. And a hat, too. I positively must have a hat. The one I'm wearing now is actually a disgrace. I'm ashamed to be seen on the street. It only cost nine dollars. I want a large one with a white ostrich plume.

EVE. Very well. Only don't kick up a row now. Go and tell the cook like a good boy. (*Crosses to L.*)

LESTER. I'll tell him, but I won't answer for the dinner.
(Crosses to R.) Oh, Eve! (Turns to her.) Could you let me have a little money?

EVE (scowls). Money? Money? Have you taken leave of your senses?

LESTER. Just a little, dear. I need so many things.

EVE. What did you do with that dollar and a half I gave you last week?

LESTER. I had to have some new gloves and my old shoes were a disgrace.

EVE. It seems to me that you get more extravagant every day. I'm not a millionaire, even if I am the Mayor of (*insert local name of town*). You must learn the value of money. If you had to work as hard for it as I do. But there! There's a quarter. Now go and help the cook.

LESTER (takes quarter). Thank you, dear. (Exits R.)

EVE. Poor Lester! He will have to economize. It's too bad to deprive him of all his little vanities, but I'm sure he will understand. (Crosses to R.)

Enter CLARENCE from C. D., wearing hat. Comes down L. C.

CLARENCE. Sister!

EVE. Ah, Clarence. Come in, dear. You come like a bright ray of sunshine into this dull room. What have you been doing this afternoon, little one? Breaking some more hearts, I suppose.

CLARENCE. I have a complaint to make. I was riding in the park when some of those horrid lady officers from the battleship tried to flirt with me. I dismounted and was feeding the goldfish in the lake when one of them actually had the audacity to speak to me.

EVE. The villain!

CLARENCE. Of course I didn't answer her; but I was so embarrassed. Then her companions joined her and began to make remarks about my complexion and my figure. Oh, I nearly cried.

EVE. It's those beastly officers from the cruiser Susan B. Anthony. I'll speak to the Chief of Police about them.

CLARENCE. In my embarrassment I dropped my whip into the lake, when a lady pushed those cads aside and rescued my whip for me.

EVE. I hope you thanked her, Clarence.

CLARENCE. Oh, yes, indeed. Wasn't it brave? You should have heard how she talked to the officers. They were so abashed they walked away and the lady then escorted me home to protect me from further insult.

EVE. Who was it, Clarence. I must see her and thank her for her kindness.

CLARENCE. Oh, will you? She's waiting out in the hall now. She was afraid to come in.

EVE. Nonsense. Your friends are always welcome. Tell her to come in. We owe her a debt of gratitude. She evidently rescued you right in the nick of time. Those women officers are very unscrupulous. They might have kidnapped you.

CLARENCE. Oh, don't speak of such a horrible thing. I'm safe now and it's all due to the bravery of Doris Denton.

EVE. Doris Denton? The Chief of the Fire Department?

CLARENCE. Yes, isn't it wonderful? She's so handsome and brave that she quite won my heart.

EVE. But think of the disparity of your positions. You are the loved and petted brother of the Mayor of the town. She is only the Fire Chief.

CLARENCE. What care I for that? When I choose a wife, I'll choose the woman I love. Now, sister, don't be cross. Remember she was very kind and very brave. Now, don't be cross with her. Here she comes. Oh, I'm so embarrassed. (*Crosses down L.*)

Enter DORIS, C. D.

EVE (at R. C.). My dear miss, you are very welcome. My brother has been telling me how you rescued him this afternoon. It was very thrilling. I want to tell you how much obliged I am to you.

DORIS. Thank you, your honor. I only did my duty.

CLARENCE. Yes, but she acted so nobly. She's the bravest girl I've ever seen.

DORIS (*at C.*). I hope you have no objections to my attentions to your brother, your honor. I assure you my intentions are perfectly honorable.

EVE. Have you been vaccinated?

DORIS. Twice, your honor. And I've never had a sick day in my life. Mother and father both safe and sound as a couple of dollars. In fact, speaking from the stand-point of eugenics, I'm a beau ideal.

CLARENCE (*at L.*). Oh, yes; I'm sure she is, sister.

EVE. But tell how you happened to be in the park when my brother was insulted.

DORIS. I was on my way to a fire when all of a sudden my back hair came loose. Of course I couldn't go to a fire with my back hair loose.

EVE. Of course not.

CLARENCE. Certainly not.

DORIS. So I just stopped in the park to see if I couldn't borrow a couple of hairpins from some lady officers I saw by the lake. But when I came closer I saw they were not ladies, but very ordinary persons, bent on persecuting this poor young man. He had dropped his whip in the lake and was just on the point of tears when I rescued the whip, made short work of his tormenters and escorted him safely home.

EVE. It was a noble act. Clarence, take your friend out and show her the orchids in the conservatory. (*Cross to L.*)

DORIS. Thank you kindly, your honor.

CLARENCE. Come this way, Miss Denton. (*Cross to R.*) I just dote on orchids, don't you?

DORIS. I've never eaten any, but I'm willing to try anything once.

CLARENCE (*gaily*). Then come along. (*Exits R. with Doris.*)

EVE. I'll put a stop to this flirting in the park. Those naval officers are becoming entirely too obnoxious. Mike! (*Rings bell.*)

Enter MIKE from R.

MIKE. Yis, mum. Did you ring, mum?

EVE. I did. Go over next door to the police station and tell the Chief of Police that the Mayor wants to see her.

MIKE. Yis, mum. (*Exits R.*)

Bell rings off C. D.

EVE. Les! Lester, where are you? (*At R. of table.*)

Enter LESTER from R.

LESTER. Here I am, dear. I was just rocking the baby to sleep.

EVE. Go and answer the door. Somebody's been ringing for half an hour.

LESTER. Where is Mike?

EVE. I sent him after the Chief of Police. You must answer the door yourself.

LESTER. Yes, dear. (*Exits C. D.*)

EVE. Only one servant and I am the Mayor of (*insert local name*). My husband is compelled to answer the door like a menial. Oh, poverty, poverty, must I always be your slave?

Enter LESTER, C. D., ushering in ROSALIE dressed in neat tailor made costume with hat and cane.

LESTER. Come in madam, my wife will see you at once. (*Comes down R.*)

ROSLIE. Thank you. (*Comes down C.*) I hope I do not intrude. I am R. B. Myers representing the French Chocolate Company.

EVE. I am pleased to meet you. Allow me to present my husband.

ROSLIE. Charmed I'm sure. Always glad to meet such a charming, handsome man.

LESTER. Oh, ma'am, you flatter me.

EVE (*carelessly*). Les is a good husband. Domestic and all that sort of thing. You'd better run along now, dear. I think you are wanted in the nursery.

LESTER. Yes, darling. (*Exits R.*)

EVE. And now, Mrs. Myers, won't you sit down?

ROSALIE. Thank you. (*Sits on sofa.*) I have called in reference to the French Chocolate bill. You realize that the introduction of our brand of chocolate would be a magnificent thing for the girls and boys of our public schools.

EVE. I fear it is out of the question, Mrs. Myers. Think of the drain on the city treasury. (*Seated at R. of table.*)

ROSALIE. I have thought of that. Now, see here, Mrs. Parmenter, you are the Mayor of this town, and if you favor our bill I'm sure we can push the thing through the City Council. Now, I'm a business woman and a woman of few words. Now, what is your price?

EVE. My price? I have no price. I have never yet accepted a bribe and I will accept none now.

ROSALIE. Tut, tut; you use strong language. I am not offering you a bribe. Nothing of the sort. That sort of thing was done away with when the women came into power. But of course, if you give us your influence, I would be very grateful. Very grateful indeed. In fact, any of our celebrated chocolate candy would be at your disposal at any time.

EVE. You mean that I could have all the candy I want at any time?

ROSALIE. That's exactly what I mean. See. I have a contract here in writing. A five-pound box every day for ten years.

EVE. No, no! Do not tempt me. For two months I have longed for a taste of your bitter-sweet chocolate; but I have my husband to support. I can't afford luxuries.

ROSALIE. Think, my dear madam. Five pounds of our best brand every day for ten years.

EVE (*rising*). Oh, I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do. (*Paces up and down.*)

ROSALIE (*produces fine box of candy from leather bag.*). See, here is a sample, with the compliments of the firm.

EVE (*takes box gingerly*). For me?

ROSALIE. For you. I want you to taste our goods.

EVE (*eats*). Wonderful! Delicious! Really, I think this would be excellent to introduce in our public schools.

ROSALIE (*aside*). She's mine! She's mine!

EVE (*eating chocolate*). You say you'll give me a five-pound box every day for ten years.

ROSALIE. Here is the contract. See, you sign here—and I sign here.

EVE. And my husband just adores chocolates. Farewell, poverty; grinning, grinding poverty. I've done with you forever. (*Eats.*) Quick! Give me a pen. I'll sign. I'll sign.

ROSALIE. That paper promises your aid in passing the bill and also promises your signature as Mayor when the bill has passed the Council.

EVE (*signs*). I'm doing it for my husband, for my family. (*Eats.*) And for the good of the dear little school children.

ROSALIE. And here is my contract agreeing to furnish you with the stipulated amount every day for ten years.

EVE (*taking paper from ROSALIE*). And you are sure I'm not accepting a bribe.

ROSALIE (*taking the other paper*). Of course not. It's only a little present from the firm.

EVE. I stand for purity in politics, you know.

ROSALIE. And so do I, theoretically. But I must be going. I fear I have already taken up too much of your valuable time. (*Goes to C. D.*) Remember, the French Chocolate Company depend upon your influence.

EVE (*down L.*). Certainly. I feel sure I am a public benefactor when I advocate the introduction of such a wonderful delicacy in our schools.

ROSALIE. Good evening. Your document will be honored at any of our branch stores.

EVE. Thank you so much. Good evening. (*Exit ROSALIE, C. D.*) I wonder if I have done the right thing. Of course it isn't a bribe, but some of my constituents might think otherwise. I won't do it. I won't be bribed. (*Hurries to door.*) Come back! Come back! Take your chocolates. Too late. She's gone. And I have betrayed my trust. I am a grafter. (*Down to table.*) Oh, why did I

do it? And my poor husband. If this thing ever comes to light he could never hold up his dainty head again. (*Puts paper on table.*) I've a good notion to lock myself up in my room where no one can see me and have a good old-fashioned cry. (*Exit L.*)

Enter MIKE from C. D.

MIKE (*coming down R.*). Her Honor, the Mayor, will be after seeing you directly. Come right in Mr. Chafe of Police. Come right in.

Enter ELIZA from C. D. She comes down L. with dignity.

ELIZA. Boy, kindly hab de kindness to accelerate your movements and tell de Mayor dat de Chief ob Police am waiting on her integrity.

MIKE. Yis, mum. Please take a seat, mum.

ELIZA. Say man, ain't you de husband ob dat obstrep-
erous Irish lady dat we arrested last Monday?

MIKE. I am, yer honor.

ELIZA. Has you-all had any family bustifications since
dat time?

MIKE. Sure, we have. It's the devil's own time I'm
after havin' wid Mary Ellen ivery night. Niver a lick of
work will she do at all, at all. And me here slavin' meself
to a shadow to support that big healthy woman. It ain't
natural.

ELIZA. 'Deed it ain't; 'deed it ain't. I ain't got no use
for *no* woman dat makes her husband work.

MIKE. She came home last night and took all me hard-
earned money away from me, and I haven't had a new
stitch of clothes on me back in two years. Me wife does
nothin' at all, at all, but go to the movie picture shows and
flirt with the heroes in the pictures. Oh, me, oh, my! It's
a sorrowful life I lead.

ELIZA. Dat woman is getting entirely too pusillanimous.
I reckon I's got to send her to jail for ninety days. I ain't
got no use for *no* woman dat don't work. What's dis yere
world a-comin' to when de women folks expects their hus-
bands to work for 'em and support 'em in idleness? I'm

gwine to make an object lesson ob your wife. I'll bet I'll show dat woman somethin' dat'll disintegrate de vast corporality ob her intelligence..

MIKE. Yis, mum; sure and thot's what I think meself.

ELIZA. Lookee yere, boy, what does de Mayor wanter see me about? (*Cross to C.*)

MIKE. I don't know, mum.

ELIZA. 'Pears like she's gettin' mighty bossitorial, sendin' for me to leave ma fried chicken an' hominy and come ober yere for de official jurisdiction ob de occasion.

MIKE. I'll see if I can find her for yez. (*Exits R.*)

ELIZA. I's got to arrest dat man's wife again. She's de most obtuse piece ob humanity in ma district.

Enter EVE from L.

EVE (*at L.*). Ah, Chief, I'm glad to see you.

ELIZA (*salutes*). Yas, boss.

EVE. I want you to put a lady detective over in the park. A crowd of lady officers from the warship Susan B. Anthony are proving very annoying to the young men who stroll in the park. Now, we can't have our young men insulted.

ELIZA. No, ma'am. You sure is right. I'll send — and — (*insert names of local ladies*) over there tomorrow. I'm sure gwine to put a stop to all dis yere promiscuous flirtation in de park. I sure am.

EVE. Oh, yes. And another thing, chief. I notice several of your officers are on duty without having their hair curled and without a bit of powder on their noses. Now you must maintain better discipline. Next week we are going to order new sky-blue satin uniforms for the police and they must be a credit to the city.

ELIZA. Yas'm. I'll attend to dat myself personally.

EVE. And remember, Chief, to treat all your prisoners with kindness. There is no rule like the golden rule.

ELIZA. Yas'm. Dat shore is right. My old mammy used to say to me, "Eliza, always remember dat golden rule." We used to hab a little yaller gal in our school dat always practiced dat golden rule. One day I got plumb

exasperated wif dat nigger and slapped her in her vestibule, and what do you think she done?

EVE. I suppose she treated you with kindness.

ELIZA. Yas, ma'am, dat's jes' what she done. She gave me an apple.

EVE. Well, what happened then?

ELIZA. Well, de next day I slapped her again. Jes' 'cause I had a natural taste for dem apples. I like to slapped de life out ob dat lovin' child.

EVE. Well, Chief, remember about the extra policemen in the park.

ELIZA. Yas, ma'am. I'll remember. Is dat all?

EVE. Yes, that's all. Good-bye.

ELIZA. Good-bye, boss. (*At C. D.*) I certainly knows how to attend to de assiduities ob ma situation. (*Exit loftily, C. D.*)

Enter MIKE from R.

MIKE. Excuse me, mum, but what will I be after serving for supper?

EVE. Oh, the usual thing. First, we'll have blue points.

MIKE. Will ye have them with or without?

EVE. I'll leave all that to you.

MIKE. Begorra, I'll serve them both ways.

EVE. Then some mullagatawny soup.

MIKE. Yis, mum. I just baked a half a dozen this morning.

EVE. And some head lettuce salad. You may serve that undressed.

MIKE. Nothin' doin', mum. I'm an honest man, mum, and it's nothin' at all I'll serve undressed. Me wife wouldn't approve of it.

EVE. Can you dress a chicken, Mike?

MIKE. I cannot. At least not on the salary I'm getting here.

EVE. Then for dessert we'll have some nice little Charlotte russes.

MIKE. Do I serve them with limburger cheese?

EVE. Certainly not. Remember, Mike, this is to be a course supper.

MIKE. Take it from me, mum, it'll be the coarsest supper you ever sat down to. (*Starts out R.*)

EVE. Just a moment, Mike. Have you frog legs?

MIKE. No, mum. It's rheumatism that makes me walk this way. (*Exits R.*)

EVE. Heavens, what a cook. But it's so hard to get a cook, so many of our young men prefer to work in the department stores. (*Cross to sofa.*)

Enter LESTER from L.

LESTER. May I come in?

EVE. Certainly, Lester.

LESTER. Dear, can't you throw aside your cares for one evening and take me to the opera? It's been so long since we've had a good time together.

EVE. I know it; but I'm so worried about my official duties. If I advocate the French Chocolate bill my constituents will think I've been bribed.

LESTER. Then don't advocate it.

EVE. But I have to. I've promised to. I've signed a paper.

LESTER. It would kill me if any disgrace should come to you. Oh, sometimes I wish you had never been elected Mayor. Sometimes I wish we were back in the old days when the men ruled the world.

EVE (*sitting on sofa at R.*). And so do I.

LESTER (*on the arm of the sofa*). When you never thought of woman's rights, but were only my dear little fiancee.

EVE (*long sigh*). Ah, those were happy days.

LESTER. If we could only fly away to some other country where the men ruled and the women were loved and adored just like they used to be.

EVE. Oh, yes!

LESTER. We'd have a little cottage and a garden filled with roses. And you and I would sit in the garden and watch the sun going down, just like we used to do.

EVE. You smoking your pipe.

LESTER. And you in a white ruffled dress. You always used to dress in such lovely fluffy clothes.

EVE. Yes, with lace ruffles and ribbon sashes and a million stick pins. (*Eagerly.*) Oh, weren't we happy then?

LESTER. And I would read poetry to you and tell you of my love in the old-fashioned way.

EVE. And I would say that you were the only man on earth for me.

LESTER. And we should be so happy. (*Both give long sigh in unison.*)

Enter MIKE from C. D.

MIKE. Excuse me, mum, but one of the officers from the warship Susan B. Anthony is at the door and she wants to see you, mum.

EVE (*rises*). Very well, Mike. Bring her in here. (*Exit MIKE, C. D.*)

LESTER (*rises*). I think I hear the children crying. After your company has gone, dear, come up and we'll talk over old times. (*Exit R.*)

EVE. I wonder what she wants. Well, I'll have to powder my nose. Even the Mayor must use a little powder. (*Exit R.*)

Enter MIKE followed by MRS. McNABB. The latter is dressed in a natty naval uniform, cap, sword, epaulettes, etc.

MIKE. You are to wait here, mum, and the Mayor will be down directly.

MRS. McNABB. Thank you, my pretty boy.

MIKE (*at R.*). Aw, go on with your blarney. (*Twists apron bashfully.*) I have to be about me work.

MRS. McNABB (*at C.*). Well, I must say the Mayor shows good taste in her selection of a housemaid.

MIKE. Sure, mum, it's flattering me you are.

MRS. McNABB. Not at all. We fellows of the navy don't flatter.

MIKE. But it's a married man I am.

MRS. McNABB. You are? Why didn't you say so in the first place. Tell the Mayor I want to see her at once.

MIKE. Yis mum. (*Exits R.*)

MRS. McNABB. Ah, now to find the little charmer I saw in the park this afternoon. One of the girls said he was the Mayor's brother, so I determined to strike while the iron was hot and see the Mayor at once.

Enter CLARENCE from R.

CLARENCE (*at R. C.*). Oh, I beg pardon. I thought my sister was here.

MRS. McNABB. Don't run away, little one. I won't bite you. (*Cross to sofa.*)

CLARENCE. Of course not. But really, I am very, very timid.

MRS. McNABB. I saw you in the park this afternoon. Remember?

CLARENCE. Oh, yes, indeed. And I was so embarrassed. (*Come down C.*)

MRS. McNABB. You made a great impression on me and I determined to see your sister and get an introduction. I am Lieutenant McNabb.

CLARENCE. Pleased to meet you, Lieutenant.

MRS. McNABB. And what is your name, my pretty lad?

CLARENCE (*drooping eyes*). Clarence, Lieutenant.

MRS. McNABB (*on sofa*). Come here, Clarence. Sit down.

CLARENCE. Oh, sir—I mean, Lieutenant—

MRS. McNABB. Don't be bashful. (*CLARENCE sits on sofa.*) Has anyone made love to you, Clarence?

CLARENCE. Oh, no. You see, I'm not out yet. My sister don't allow me to receive attentions from young ladies.

MRS. McNABB. I'm glad of it. You're much too young and too pretty. Now, Clarence, I am a woman of few words. My life is very lonely and I want some one to share it with me. I need a congenial spirit to help me in my life work. Of course this may strike your timid nature as very sudden, but could you—would you—consent to

make me the happiest of women by becoming Mr. McNabb, my husband?

CLARENCE. Oh, I couldn't do that. Really, I couldn't.

MRS. MCNABB. Don't make a hasty reply, Clarence. Take time to think it over. I am an officer in the navy and get good pay. I would make your life very happy.

CLARENCE. I'm too young to marry yet. I'm awfully sorry, Lieutenant, but I'm afraid I can never be your husband. I could be a brother to you, but alas, I can be no more. (*Rises.*)

MRS. MCNABB. You reject me? Have a care, my boy. I am a desperate woman and I have determined to make myself your wife.

CLARENCE. I am very sorry, but such a thing is impossible. (*Cross to L.*)

MRS. MCNABB. Listen to me!

CLARENCE. It is useless; and besides I have company waiting in the conservatory.

MRS. MCNABB. That common person from the fire department, I suppose? (*At C.*)

CLARENCE. She isn't common. She's the dearest, bravest woman I have ever seen.

MRS. MCNABB. Oh, ho! So I have a rival. Well, let her beware! I will stop at nothing, and come what may you shall be my husband. (*Takes hold of CLARENCE'S wrist.*)

CLARENCE. Oh, you are hurting me. Let me pass.

MRS. MCNABB. Not until I have told you of my love.

CLARENCE (*struggling*). Help! Help!

Enter DORIS from R.

DORIS. Let the lady pass. I mean let him pass!

MRS. MCNABB (*cringes down L.*). Who are you that dare to interfere?

DORIS. I am this lad's affianced wife. Now let the young man pass.

CLARENCE (*crosses to door R.*). Oh, thank you, Doris. Thank you so much. (*Exit.*)

MRS. MCNABB. We shall meet again.

DORIS. When and where you please. If you demand

satisfaction you will find me ever at your service. (*Exit R. with dignity.*)

MRS. McNABB. Baffled! But I'll be revenged; I'll be revenged. (*Crosses to table.*) I'll see the Mayor and surely she will listen to my suit. (*Sees contract on table.*) What's this? (*Reads, then speaks.*) Ah, ha! A bribe from the French Chocolate Company. Her Honor, the Mayor, is a grafted. (*Takes paper.*) Now she is in my power. I hold the winning card.

Enter EVE from R.

EVE. Pardon my keeping you waiting, but I was engaged. Won't you sit down?

MRS. McNABB (*at L. of table*). I will not. I want a few words with you absolutely private.

EVE (*at R. of table*). Go on; we are alone.

MRS. McNABB. I am Lieutenant McNabb of the good ship Susan B. Anthony. In brief, I want to marry your brother.

EVE. Marry Clarence? Why, Clarence is only a lad. He isn't out yet.

MRS. McNABB. I saw him in the park this afternoon and determined to make him my husband.

EVE. Then why come to me? Why not see my brother himself?

MRS. McNABB. I have seen him. He refuses to listen to my proposal.

EVE. Then that settles the matter. Clarence is the light of my life, and if he refuses to listen to you I have nothing to say in the matter.

MRS. McNABB. Oh, yes, you have. You are his guardian. He cannot marry without your consent, and I mean that you shall force him to become my husband.

EVE. I'll not listen to you. This is infamous.

MRS. McNABB. Other things are infamous, too. The French Chocolate bill, for instance.

EVE (*frightened*). The French Chocolate bill? What do you mean?

MRS. McNABB. Ah, well you know what I mean. I mean that the Mayor of (*insert local name*) is a grafted!

EVE. You dare?

MRS. McNABB. Yes, I dare. I am a desperate woman and you are in my power.

EVE. What do you mean?

MRS. McNABB (*waving contract*). Do you see this paper? Do you know what it is? It is the price of your honor. You have sold yourself to the French Chocolate Company, and this is the evidence of your guilt.

EVE (*wringing hands*). I didn't know; I didn't know.

MRS. McNABB. You are in my power, my lady, and it remains for you to say what I shall do with this paper.

EVE. Give it to me.

MRS. McNABB. If you can gain the consent of your brother Clarence to become my husband, the paper is yours. If not, I shall take it to the (*name local newspaper*) and your infamy shall become a byword throughout the city.

EVE. No, no, you would not be so cruel?

MRS. McNABB. I am a desperate woman and will stop at nothing.

EVE. But my brother does not love you.

MRS. McNABB (*at L.*). Bah! What of that? I can teach him to love me. Come, now, Parmenter, be sensible. You know I hold the winning card.

EVE (*at C., facing Mrs. McNabb with table between*). I know that, Belinda McNabb, but sooner than ruin the innocent young life of Brother Clarence I will accept my disgrace. Now, do your worst. I defy you! (*Brings fist down on table, glaring angrily at Mrs. McNabb.*)

MRS. McNABB. So be it. I take you at your word. You defy me, eh? Then I will plead no longer.

EVE. Where are you going?

MRS. McNABB. To police headquarters. This night shall see the lady Mayor of (*local name*) behind prison bars.

EVE. No, no! Have mercy, have mercy! Think of my poor husband. Surely you would not have my crime fall on his innocent head?

MRS. McNABB. Then promise me your brother's hand in marriage.

EVE. I cannot, I cannot. Think of my husband. He is weak and innocent. Would you cast me into prison and force him to earn his daily bread? Have a heart! 'Tis not for myself I plead, but for him, for my husband.

Enter LESTER and CLARENCE from R. They come down R.

LESTER (*goes to EVE's R.*). What is it, dear? I thought I heard someone quarreling. Oh, I am so frightened.

MRS. McNABB (*at L. C.*). You shall soon learn what it is. Your wife, the impeccable Mayor of the town, is a grafted.

CLARENCE (*down R.*). A grafted?

EVE (*at R. C., in anguished tones*). No, no! (*Turns to LESTER.*) You don't believe her?

LESTER. Though all the world pronounce you guilty, I believe you innocent.

MRS. McNABB (*waving contract*). But you cannot doubt the witness I have here. Come, now, Parmenter, for the last time, you must make your decision.

EVE (*after a mental struggle*). Clarence, come here. (*LESTER goes up R.*)

CLARENCE (*crosses to EVE at R. C.*). Yes, sister.

EVE. This lady has asked for your hand in marriage. She is a Lieutenant in the navy. She is rich and powerful, and she is holding a secret over my head. I am in her power and you alone can help me.

CLARENCE. What would you have me do?

EVE. Marry her.

CLARENCE. Never. My heart is not mine to give. I love another.

EVE. Then all is over. (*Goes to LESTER up R.*)

MRS. McNABB (*crosses to CLARENCE at C.*). Think well, my lad, before you force your sister into a felon's cell. If you refuse me, this night shall see Her Honor the Mayor in public disgrace, a prisoner in her own city jail.

LESTER. Oh, the disgrace, the disgrace! (*Sobs on EVE's shoulder.*)

CLARENCE. You say you love me, then for my sake let my sister go. (*Kneels at the feet of Mrs. McNabb.*) Have mercy on her!

MRS. MCNABB. Ah, ha! My hour of triumph is at hand. Your sister has signed a contract with the Chocolate Company. She has been bribed. Here is the proof. If you will become my husband I will give you the paper on my wedding day.

CLARENCE (*rising and facing Mrs. McNabb.*). Never! Sooner than marry you I would beg barefoot in the street. Give me that paper. (*Tries to get it.*)

MRS. MCNABB (*forces Clarence to his knees.*). Ha, ha, ha! (*Sardonic laugh.*)

Enter DORIS from R.

DORIS. Release that young man!

MRS. MCNABB (*draws sword.*). Out of my way. I'm going to denounce the Mayor.

DORIS (*seizing poker and fencing with Mrs. McNabb.*). Oh, you would, would you? (*They fence. Doris disarms her.*)

MRS. MCNABB. I still hold the winning card. (*Waves contract.*) Tonight Her Honor the Mayor will spend in prison.

DORIS (*seizes the paper*). Not while I can prevent it.

Enter ELIZA from L.

ELIZA. What's goin' on in yere?

DORIS. Officer, arrest this woman. Here is your prisoner.

ELIZA (*seizes Mrs. McNabb, who collapses.*). Come along with me. (*Hits her on head with billy.*)

CLARENCE (*embraced by Doris down R.*). Saved, saved!

(*Eve embraces Lester, Eliza beats Mrs. McNabb as curtain quickly falls.*)

NOTE.—*The success of this entire act, and especially the climax, will depend upon the ability of the ladies to act like men, and vice versa.*

ACT III.

HER LORD AND MASTER.

SCENE 1. *Same as Acts I and II. Lights on full throughout the act. Bright music to take up the curtain, some wedding march.*

CLARENCE is discovered standing at C. dressed in white trousers, white shoes, white sport shirt, necklace of fake pearls, bracelets, long wedding veil of white tarleton (not covering face). LESTER is kneeling by him arranging veil. MIKE stands facing CLARENCE holding wedding wreath of white wax orange blossoms aloft.

CLARENCE. Hurry, Les; I can't stand here all day. I've got the fidgets. Haven't you got it arranged yet?

LESTER (*with mouth full of pins, makes inarticulate sounds*).

MIKE. He can't talk at all, at all. His mouth is full of pins. Sure, it's a handsome bridegroom you do make, Mr. Clarence. It's a lucky woman the Lieutenant will be this day.

CLARENCE. Don't speak of her. Oh, Mike, my heart is breaking.

MIKE. There, there, darling, take courage. Maybe she'll make you a good wife after all.

LESTER (*removing pins from mouth*). If I had my way I wouldn't permit this marriage, not for a minute. But the Mayor insists on it.

CLARENCE. Sometimes I think I am not doing the right thing. I am selling myself for gold. Oh, Doris, Doris, why have you deserted me?

LESTER. It's strange what became of Doris Denton. No one has ever seen her since that dramatic night when she defied the Lieutenant to her face. I wonder what became of her.

MIKE. She's like all other women. When she saw you were in trouble, Mr. Clarence, sure she ran away and deserted you.

CLARENCE. I don't believe it. It is a dark, grawsome mystery. Maybe the Lieutenant has murdered her. Oh, the thought is terrible. (*Weeps.*)

LESTER. Don't, Clarence, you're spotting your costume.

MIKE. Oh, don't do that. You have the loveliest trousseau that was ever seen in this town. (*Puts wreath on CLARENCE's head.*)

CLARENCE (*crosses to sofa and sits*). Oh, if I only had the courage to rebel. What right have they to force me into this marriage when I love another?

MIKE. It's a burning shame, so it is.

LESTER (*at L.*). Sometimes I feel desperate myself. Nowadays the men have no rights at all. They won't even allow us to vote. It's time we started a rebellion.

MIKE (*at C.*). That's right. We ought to start a society of suffragettes. "Votes for Men!" That's what we ought to demand.

CLARENCE. I say so, too. Votes for men. We are not idiots; we are not convicts; we have to pay taxes, and why shouldn't we be allowed the ballot. Votes for men!

MIKE. It's a great idea. Begorra, if the men ever get in power, I'll have me wife Mary Ellen arristed and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, so I will.

LESTER. Some brave men are already advocating the ballot for men. Would I had the courage to join them.

MIKE. Why don't you take courage?

LESTER. I have tried to. I drank seven bottles of cod liver oil and four bottles of soothing syrup; but still I lack the nerve.

MIKE. There's a man going to make a speech down on the corner this afternoon to insist on the ballot for men. Begorra, I'm going to be there and yell like the devil.

CLARENCE. Why, Mike, such language. I'm shocked.

LESTER. And so am I. You'd better not let my wife hear you talk like that. She'll fire you sure.

MIKE. I beg yer pardon, but me feelings got the better of me. But it certainly raises me Irish temper to see the Mayor forcing you into this marriage, Mr. Clarence, when

you don't love the Lieutenant at all, at all. Me Irish is up. Huroo! Votes for men! Votes for men!

LESTER. Mike, you must curb your excitement. What would the Mayor say?

MIKE. Thot's not worrying me at all. Votes for men!

LESTER. I can't have such iconoclastic expressions in this house.

MIKE. Iconoclastic, is it? Sure, I dunno what that manes, but if it's as bad as it sounds, it's awful it must be. (*Crosses to door R.*) Votes for men! (*Waves arms and exits R.*)

LESTER (*goes to CLARENCE*). Why are you so sad, dear? On your wedding day, too. Why this should be the happiest day in your whole life.

CLARENCE (*hands clasped on knees*). I was only thinking, Lester. Thinking of Doris Denton. I cannot understand her mysterious silence. Just think, we've never had a word from her since that day when the Lieutenant accused the Mayor of being a grafter.

LESTER (*sits on sofa beside him and takes his hands*). It is indeed very strange. But you must have courage. Now run up to your room and put a little powder on your nose. It wouldn't be a bad idea to use just a weeny teeny bit of rouge, too. A bridegroom mustn't be too pale on his wedding day.

CLARENCE (*rises, cross to C.*). Yes, Lester, I will go. I'll try to forget Doris Denton. She has deserted me, and although my heart is breaking, it mustn't show in my complexion. (*Cross to L.*) Ah, me! And this is my wedding day. (*Exits L.*)

Enter EVE from C. D. with box of chocolates.

EVE. Is everything ready for the wedding?

LESTER (*at R.*). Yes, dear.

EVE. The Lieutenant will be here in twenty minutes. Is Clarence all ready?

LESTER. I think so. But, Eve, isn't there some way to postpone this wedding? You know that Clarence does not love Lieutenant McNabb.

EVE. Bah! It's only a lad's fancy. He'll learn to love her in time.

LESTER. I don't believe it. His heart has already been given to the ex-Fire Chief, Doris Denton.

EVE. Doris has deserted him; deserted him just when he needed her the most. See what I have brought you.

LESTER. A box of chocolates. I'm getting sick of chocolates. Every day you bring me a five-pound box and I'm gaining weight all the time. (*Goes to her.*) Eve, confide in me. Is it true—all these horrible things the papers are saying? Have you been bribed by the French Chocolate Company?

EVE. Of course not. That's all a campaign story originating in the minds of my opponents.

LESTER. If I thought that my wife was a grafted and had accepted a bribe—(*hesitates*).

EVE. Yes? What would you do?

LESTER. I would leave you. I'd go home to father. I'd join the suffragettes and yell "Votes for men!"

EVE. No, no. Surely you wouldn't disgrace me publicly?

LESTER. I'm half in favor of men's suffrage anyhow. We have to pay taxes and why shouldn't we have the right of ballot.

EVE. It isn't your sphere. It isn't man's place at the polls. Your place is in the kitchen and the nursery.

LESTER. I don't see why I shouldn't have the right to vote if I want to.

EVE. Because you understand nothing of politics. Why, if men had the right of voting they would vote for the handsomest woman every time. You see men haven't logical minds. Man is too fragile. He hasn't got the requisite strength.

Enter MIKE from R. He wears red Tam cap and carries a red parasol.

LESTER. Why, Mike, where are you going?

MIKE. I'm leaving me job.

LESTER. But why?

MIKE. I'm going to be a suffragoot. Too long have I been a slave a-workin' in your kitchen. Now, I'm through. I'm going down to the park and make an address on Men's Rights. Hurroo! Votes for men!

EVE. Mike, go back to the kitchen.

MIKE. Niver. I've cooked me last meal. Begorra, I'm goin' out and rouse the nation. Votes for men! (*Exit C. D.*)

EVE. Now you see what you have done.

LESTER. It wasn't my fault.

EVE. No, I suppose not. It's the growing spirit of unrest among the men. Telephone to the agency and have them send us a new hired man right away.

LESTER. Yes, dear.

EVE. And hurry up. The wedding is to take place in twenty minutes.

LESTER. Yes, dear. (*Exit L.*)

EVE. I feel like a criminal. I am a criminal. I am forcing little Clarence to marry a woman he does not love, and all because the Lieutenant has found me out. I have a notion to defy her to her face and let her do her worst. But, the disgrace. Oh, I never could stand the disgrace.

Enter MRS. McNABB from C. D.

MRS. McNABB. Well, where is he? Where is my Clarence?

EVE. Oh, he's making his toilet. Is everything ready for the wedding?

MRS. McNABB. Yes, we're to drive from here to the church.

EVE. I'm afraid Clarence is beginning to suspect something concerning Doris Denton. My husband told me so.

MRS. McNABB. That woman is becoming unmanageable. We've held her a close prisoner in irons on board the Susan B. Anthony for four weeks, but I'll be glad when I'm safely married and can set her at liberty.

EVE. Aren't you afraid of the police?

MRS. McNABB. Certainly not. I am not afraid of anything. But Doris Denton has tried to escape three times.

EVE. When do you set sail?

MRS. McNABB. Tonight, right after the wedding. See what I have brought Clarence. (*Shows brooch in box.*)

EVE. A diamond brooch. You know the way to win a young lad's affection.

MRS. McNABB. Well, rather. I'm not a Lieutenant in the navy for nothing, you know.

EVE. Just wait in the conservatory, Lieutenant McNabb, and I'll send Clarence to you.

MRS. McNABB. Very well. (*Cross to door at L.*) I'm all impatient. (*Exit L.*)

EVE. I'll be glad when that woman is out of my life forever. (*Cross to R.*) Oh, this has taught me a lesson. I'll never accept another bribe as long as I am in public office. If my husband found it out he would never forgive me. Who knows but what he would make good his threat and join those horrible new men who are creating such a sensation by demanding the right of suffrage. If there's anything on earth that I simply cannot stand it is a man who doesn't know and keep his proper sphere. (*Exit R.*)

Enter CLARENCE from L. in bridal attire.

CLARENCE (*coming down C.*). That odious Lieutenant is in the conservatory waiting for me. (*Sits on sofa down R.*) Well, let her wait. I'll have enough of her company after I'm married to her.

Enter DORIS from C. D.

DORIS. Clarence! (*Comes to him.*)

CLARENCE. Doris. (*She embraces him.*)

DORIS. Oh, it is good to see you again. But this bridal veil, this wreath of orange blossoms? Great heavens! am I too late?

CLARENCE. I'm to be married to Lieutenant McNabb this afternoon.

DORIS. False and fickle as the rest of your sex.

CLARENCE. Say not so. What was I to do?

DORIS. Your love for me has grown cold, then?

CLARENCE. Where have you been for the past month?

DORIS. The night I left here I was set upon by a gang of ruffians and taken on board the Susan B. Anthony. Lieutenant McNabb stole the papers from me containing the proof of the Mayor's guilt. I was kept closely guarded and in chains. But this morning I managed to find a hair-pin and by its aid I escaped.

CLARENCE. Oh, I didn't know, I didn't know. I thought you were false to me. That is why I consented to marry the Lieutenant.

DORIS (*standing behind his chair and puts arms around his shoulders from back*). You know I love you. There is only one man in all the world for me. Why should we both lose all of life's happiness because of a foolish mistake—

CLARENCE. Don't tempt me. I'm so nervous today and you are so strong. Don't tempt me. I'm only a man. (*Bows head and weeps*.)

DORIS (*takes him by hand, helps him to feet*). We'll run away from here. We'll elope. We'll leave all care and sorrow behind and fly to Venice.

CLARENCE (*clasps hands in joy*). Oh, yes! Venice has always been the city of my dreams.

DORIS. And we will sail down the moon-kissed waters in a gondola, just you and I, with all the cares of the world far, far away.

CLARENCE. It would be glorious. But what would Lieutenant McNabb say?

DORIS. Why think of her? I have my car outside. We can stop at the wharf and get you an overcoat and hat. Come just as you are. Love is beckoning you. Come.

CLARENCE. And will you always love me and protect me?

DORIS. Always, upon my honor.

CLARENCE (*rises*). Then I'll go with you. I'll fly with you to the ends of the world.

DORIS (*clasps him in her arms*). My darling!

CLARENCE. But we must hurry. Let us fly at once. We can be married in ten minutes and then—

DORIS. Then we'll be on our way to the land of love. Come. (*She leads him out C. D.*)

Enter LESTER from L.

LESTER. Clarence, Clarence! I wonder where he is. The Lieutenant is becoming anxious and has kicked the cat through the window of the conservatory. (*Cross to R.*) Clarence! Probably he is down in the kitchen taking a last farewell to all his beloved pots and pans. Clarence is so sentimental. Clarence! (*Exit R.*)

ELIZA (*heard outside C. D.*). Don't gimme none ob your back talk. I won't take no sassification from no man. I'll teach you to make a public spectacle ob yourself by trying to start an excitement for dis yere men's right movement. I'll teach you.

Enters C. D. holding MIKE by collar. MIKE's face is bloody and his clothing torn. He is in a state of complete collapse.

MIKE. Oh, me, oh my! To think I'd live to see the day that I'm arrested.

ELIZA. Serves you right. De idea ob you getting up in de park and trying to excite all de population on de side ob men's rights. I tell you, men ain't got no rights. If there is any voting to be did, we women will do it. It ain't man's sphere to vote. Dey ain't got de moral reprehensibility.

MIKE. Oh, darlin' Chafe of Police, only let me go and I'll niver make another spache as long as I live.

ELIZA. I can't let you go. It's agin de law. And in my present state of judicial satisfaction, I represents de law.

MIKE. But what would me wife say if she had to take me out of jail? Oh, wurra, wurra, the sad disgrace of it all.

ELIZA. Man, you ought to thunk of all dis before you tried to start a riot.

MIKE. Couldn't you let me go and say no more about it? I have five dollars—

ELIZA. Is you trying to bribe me?

MIKE. Oh, not at all. I only said I'd give five dollars if I didn't have to go to jail.

ELIZA. Produce de collateral.

MIKE (*pulls up leg of trousers,, takes purse from stocking, takes bill out and replaces purse.*) Oh, the sad day, the sad day!

ELIZA. It certainly is lucky for you, man, dat I has got a sympathetic heart. (*Takes the bill.*)

MIKE. Please don't say anything about it to the Mayor. She'd never forgive me. And I've been such a foolish little thing.

ELIZA. Dat's all right. I won't say nothin'.

MIKE. Begorra, I have some fine apple dumplings down in the kitchen. Sure, if you'd condescend to have a little lunch—

ELIZA. Dat's all right, man. I'll condescend. I'll condescend right down to de kitchen.

MIKE. Thin come this way. (*Exit R. followed by ELIZA.*)

Enter MRS. McNABB from L.

MRS. McNABB. I wonder if they intend to keep me waiting in that conservatory all day? (*Looks at watch.*) I'm supposed to be at the church now. And I haven't seen Clarence at all. Maybe this is a conspiracy. I won't stand it. (*Rings bell on table.*) Hello, Parmenter, where are you?

Enter EVE from R.

EVE. Here I am. Is anything the matter?

MRS. McNABB. How much longer do you intend to keep me cooped up in that hen-coop of a conservatory? I'm not a chicken.

EVE. No, I'm sure you're not a chicken.

MRS. McNABB. Where is my Clarence?

EVE. I haven't seen him. Lester!

Enter LESTER from R.

LESTER. Yes, dear.

EVE (*at R. C.*). Whatever has become of Clarence?

LESTER. I'm sure I don't know. I've been looking all over the house for him. Perhaps he's been mislaid.

MRS. McNABB (*down L.*). And the ceremony is to start in ten minutes. Find him at once.

LESTER. Yes, Lieutenant. I'll see if he's in his boudoir. (*Exit L.*)

EVE. And I'll look in the kitchen. (*Exit R.*)

MRS. McNABB. Here's a pretty howdy-do. The wedding all ready and a missing bridegroom. I'll be the laughing stock of the town.

Enter LESTER from L.

LESTER. I can't find him anywhere. Oh, Lieutenant, do you think anything has happened to Clarence? It makes me so nervous. (*Weeps.*)

Enter EVE from R. followed by ELIZA.

EVE. Come in, Chief. Tell the Lieutenant what you have told me.

ELIZA (*at L. C.*). I said I seen Mr. Clarence and Doris Denton going into the minister's house about five minutes ago.

EVE (*down R.*). Clarence has eloped with Doris.

MRS. McNABB (*at C.*). Eloped? Then they are married by this time. (*Goes to EVE.*) I believe it's a conspiracy, and that you are the head of it.

EVE. You forget yourself, Belinda McNabb.

MRS. McNABB. Oh, I do, do I? I've been robbed of my Clarence and I'll have revenge. Officer, do your duty. Arrest that woman. (*Points to EVE.*)

ELIZA (*down C.*). What is de grounds of de official indictment?

MRS. McNABB (*at door C.*). I charge her with being a grafter. She has accepted a bribe from the French Chocolate Company. She has disgraced her office. And here are the proofs. (*Waves paper.*)

LESTER. No, no; it isn't true. Eve, tell them it isn't true.

MRS. McNABB. It is true. I hold the winning card.
(*Gives paper to ELIZA*). There is the proof. Now, officer, do your duty. Ha, ha! At last I've had me revenge.
(*Laughs and exits C. D.*)

EVE. My sin has found me out. (*Sinks in chair at R.*)

ELIZA (*goes to her, shakes her by shoulder*). You is under arrest. You come with me.

LESTER. No, no. (*Kneels at L.*) Have mercy, have mercy.

ELIZA. It's agin the law. You are my prisoner.

LESTER. Eve a prisoner. Oh, this is too much. (*Faints.*)

ELIZA *shakes EVE as curtain falls.*

SCENE 2. *Same as the preceding scene. The curtain is down just long enough for ELIZA to discard her policeman's coat, helmet, billy, etc., and appear as in Act 1. EVE is discovered asleep on sofa down R. ELIZA trying to awaken her. The contract and all other evidence of Act II has been removed.*

ELIZA. Wake up, Miss Eve. Lawsy massy, ain't you never gwine to wake up? It's mos' six o'clock. Wake up.

EVE (*awakens*). It isn't true. I'm not a grafted. Don't take me to prison. What would my husband do? Oh, let me go. Please let me go. For his sake.

ELIZA. I ain't goin' to take you to prison. You's been asleep. Dat's all. What you think I is? A policeman?

EVE. Asleep? Why, aren't you the Chief of Police?

ELIZA (*laughs*). Who? Me? No, ma'am. (*Emphatically.*) No, ma'am. I'm jest Eliza Goober, your hired girl.

EVE. Where is my husband?

ELIZA. Good lawsy massy, Miss Eve, you ain't got no husband. (*To audience.*) Dat woman is cunjured, dat's what she is. She's done been cunjured. Or maybe she ain't jest right in her mind.

EVE. Why, Eliza, have I been asleep?

ELIZA. Yas'm, you shore has.

EVE. Then it was all a dream, and I never have been the Mayor of (*local name of town*) at all?

ELIZA. Neber mind, honey, you jes' lie down and rest yourself. All dis yere woman's rights talk has made you get excited. Dat's all.

EVE (*starts*). Woman's rights. Goodness gracious. I forgot all about Lester's speech. What time is it, Eliza?

ELIZA. Most nigh six o'clock, honey.

EVE. I've missed his speech, and he was going to make it just for me. Oh, I'll never forgive myself. I must have slept all afternoon.

ELIZA (*at C. D.*). Here he comes now.

Enter LESTER, CLARENCE, MIKE, ROSALIE and DORIS.

LESTER. You didn't come to hear my speech.

EVE. I wasn't feeling well, Lester. Was it a grand success?

MIKE. Success. I should say it was. Everybody was tickled to death. He's going to be elected sure.

CLARENCE. It was the best speech I ever heard.

ROSALIE. And the Suffragist Club sent him an armful of roses.

EVE. Oh, I'm so glad.

DORIS. And everybody is pleased.

CLARENCE. Three cheers for Lester Parmenter, our next Mayor!

ALL. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

CURTAIN.

DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price Is Given

	M.	F.
Winning Widow, 2 acts, 1½ hrs. (25c)	2	4
Women Who Did, 1 hr... (25c)	17	
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs.	8	3

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

All on a Summer's Day, 40 min.	4	6
April Fools, 30 min.....	3	
Assessor, The, 10 min.....	3	2
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.	19	
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min...	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.....	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min..	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min....	3	5
Case Against Casey, 40 min... 23		
Country Justice, 15 min.....	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2
Divided Attentions, 35 min.....	1	4
Dude in a Cyclone, 20 min....	4	2
Family Strike, 20 min.....	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min....	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min..	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min..	5	
Fun in Photo Gallery, 30 min..	6	10
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min... 12		
Hans Von Smash, 30 min....	4	3
I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min..	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min....	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min....	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min... 5		1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.		8
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min....	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min....	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min....	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min....	6	4
Second Childhood, 15 min....	2	2
Shadows, 35 min.....	2	2
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.	7	
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.....	3	
That Rascal Pat, 30 min....	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Turn Him Out, 35 min.....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min...		8
Two of a Kind, 40 min....	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min... 3		2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.....	1	i

	M.	F.
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.....		8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7	3

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min....	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.....	2	1
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min...	2	2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	
Coming Champion, 20 min.....	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.....	1	1
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 min.	10	
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.....	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.....	2	
For Reform, 20 min.....	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min..	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min..	9	2
Her Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.....	1	
Home Run, 15 min.....	1	1
Jumbo Jim, 30 min.....	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min..	1	
Memphis Mose, 25 min.....	5	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min..	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.....	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min.....	6	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.....	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.....	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.....		1
Special Sale, 15 min.....	2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.....	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min...		
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..		
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min		
Umbrella Mender, 15 min		
Uncle Jeff, 25 min....		
What Happened to Hann		

A great
Standard
not four

D

T.S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publ

Hollis

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT

Price, Illustrated Paper Cover



IN this Series are found books touching every feature in the entertainment field. Finely made, good paper, clear print and each book has an attractive individual cover design.

*A Partial List***DIALOGUES****All Sorts of Dialogues.**

Selected, fine for older pupils.

Catchy Comic Dialogues.

Very clever; for young people.

Children's Comic Dialogues.

From six to eleven years of age.

Country School Dialogues.

Brand new, original.

Dialogues for District Schools.

For country schools.

Dialogues from Dickens.

Thirteen selections.

The Friday Afternoon Dialogues.

Over 50,000 copies sold.

From Tots to Teens.

Dialogues and recitations.

Humorous Homespun Dialogues.

For older ones.

Little People's Plays.

From 7 to 13 years of age.

Lively Dialogues.

For all ages; mostly humorous.

Merry Little Dialogues.

Thirty-eight original selections.

When the Lessons are Over.

Dialogues, drills, plays.

Wide Awake Dialogues.

Original successful.

Speakers, MONOLOGUES**Ice Pieces for Little People.**

A child's speaker.

Comic Entertainer.

Songs, monologues, dialogues.

Readings.

French, Negro, Scotch, etc.

Speaker.

And poetry.

Noon Speaker.

Ages.

Etc.

Folks.

Etc.

Mo.

0 017 400 501 1

Scrap-Book Recitations.

Choice collections, pathetic, humorous, descriptive, prose, poetry. 15 Nos., per No. 25c

DRILLS**The Best Drill Book.**

Very popular drills and marches.

The Favorite Book of Drills.

Drills that sparkle with originality.

Little Plays With Drills.

For children from 6 to 11 years.

The Surprise Drill Book.

Fresh, novel, drills and marches.

SPECIALTIES**The Boys' Entertainer.**

Monologues, dialogues, drills.

Children's Party Book.

Invitations, decorations, games.

The Days We Celebrate.

Entertainments for all the holidays.

Good Things for Christmas.

Recitations, dialogues, drills.

Good Things for Sunday Schools.

Dialogues, exercises, recitations.

Good Things for Thanksgiving.

A gem of a book.

Good Things for Washington and Lincoln Birthdays.**Little Folks' Budget.**

Easy pieces to speak, songs.

One Hundred Entertainments.

New parlor diversions, socials.

Patriotic Celebrations.

Great variety of material.

Pictured Readings and Tableaux.

Entirely original features.

Pranks and Pastimes.

Parlor games for children.

Private Theatricals.

How to put on plays.

Shadow Pictures, Pantomimes, Charades,

and how to prepare.

Tableaux and Scenic Readings.

New and novel; for all ages.

Twinkling Fingers and Swaying Figures.

For little tots.

Yuletide Entertainments.

A choice Christmas collection.

MINSTRELS, JOKES**Black American Joker.**

Minstrels' and end men's gags.

A Bundle of Burnt Cork Comedy.

Monologues, stump speeches, etc.

Laughland, via the Ha-Ha Route.

A merry trip for fun tourists.

Negro Minstrels.

All about the business.

The New Jolly Jester.

Funny stories, jokes, gags, etc.

Large Illustrated Catalogue Free